

ELLERY QUEEN

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE



ELLERY QUEEN

10c
NO. 2
SUMMER

Ellery's Narrow Escape
A KILLER'S REVENGE



Wholesale Homicide
**THE PARADE
OF DEATH**



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TOWN _____

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☐ Enclosed is \$10.95 plus 35¢ for postage (total \$11.30).
Ship Sprayer to me, all postage charges prepaid.

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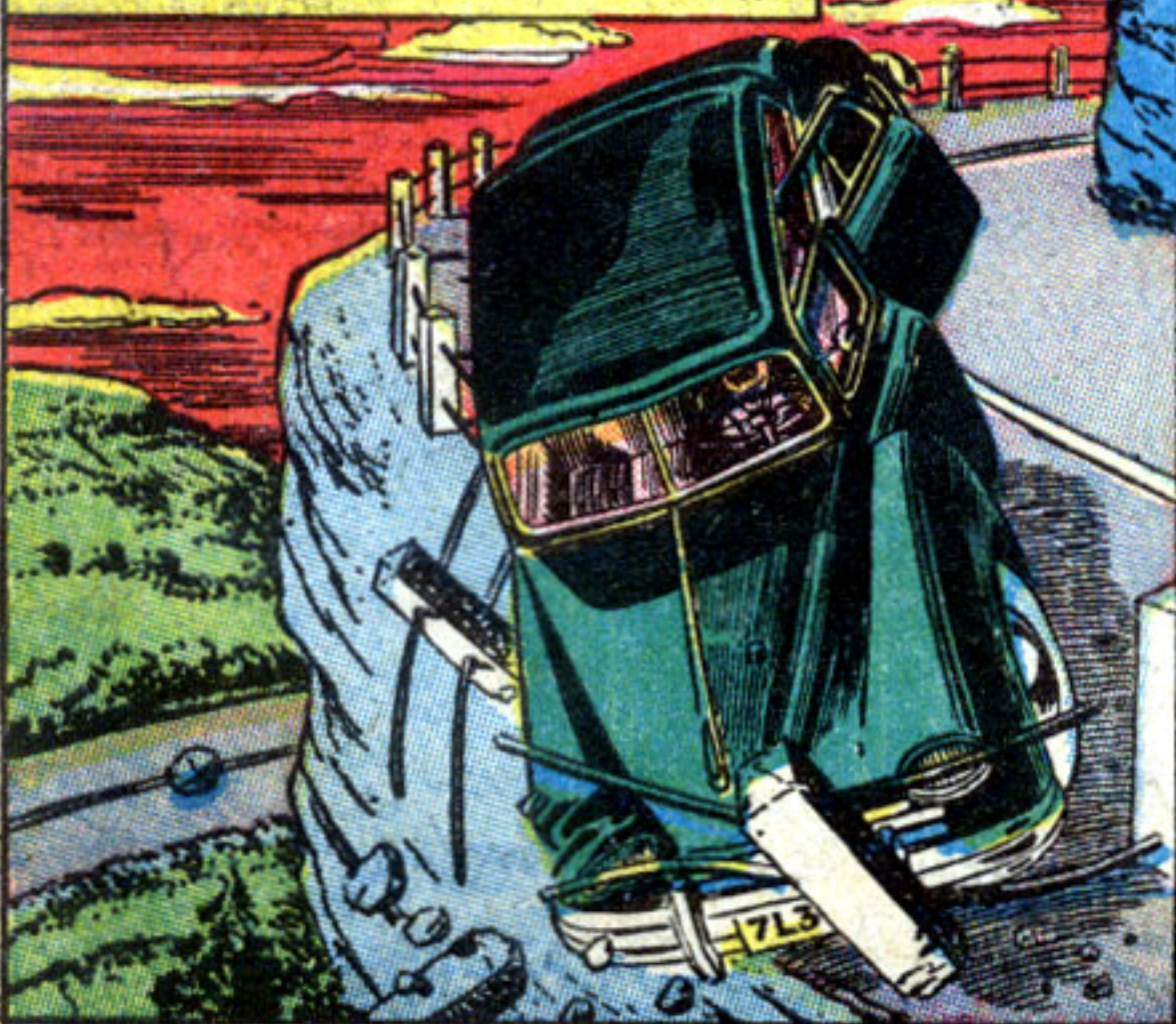
ELLERY QUEEN

"The Death Parade"

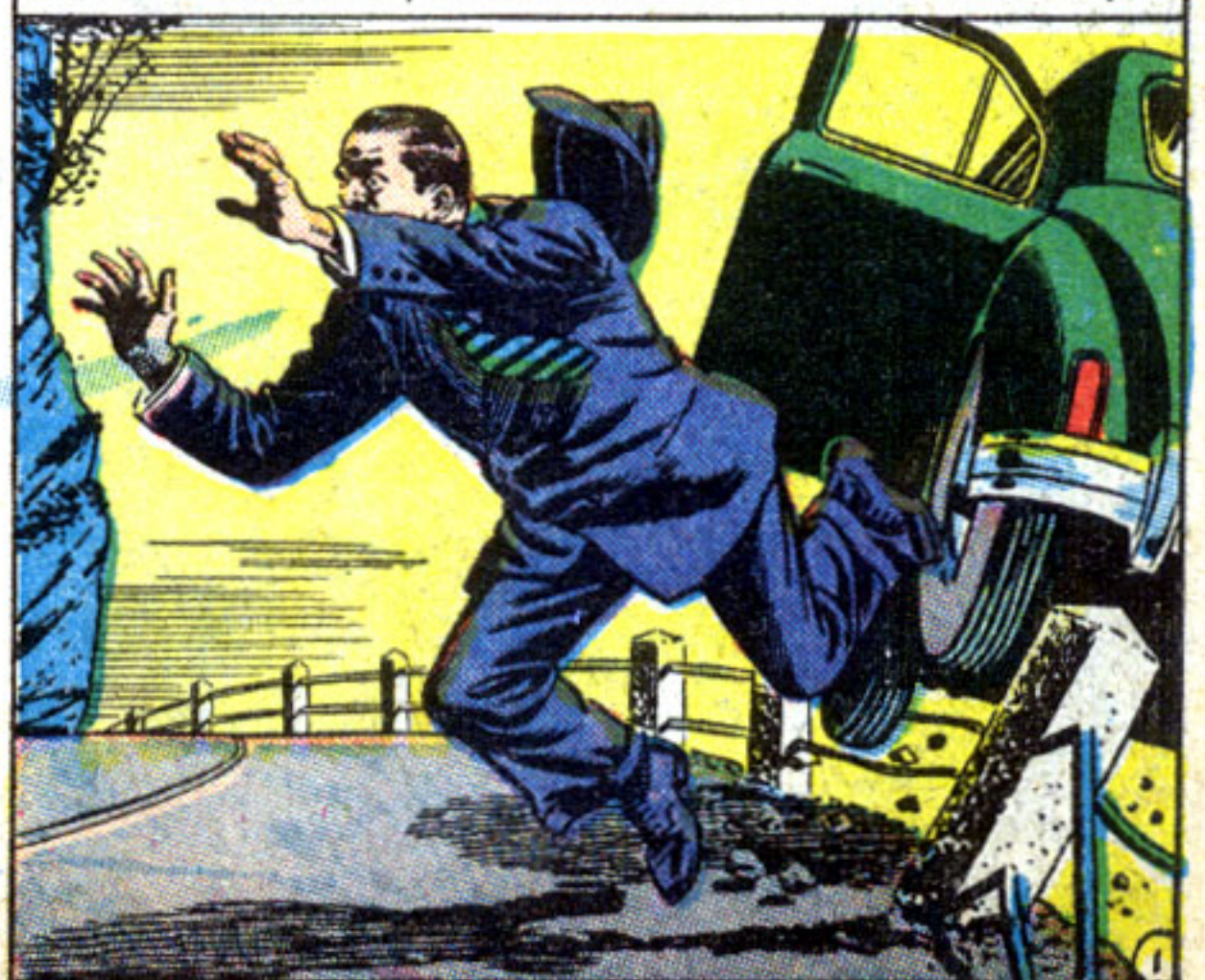


ELLERY QUEEN, GENTLEMAN DETECTIVE, IS MORE AT HOME ON A POLO FIELD THAN IN A POLICE HEADQUARTERS, YET VIOLENT DEATH PERSISTS IN CROSSING HIS PATH. NEVER HAS A SUCCESSION OF CORPSES COME MORE FAST AND FURIOUS THAN IN THE THRILL-A-SECOND ADVENTURE ELLERY HAS ENTITLED...
"THE DEATH PARADE!"

OUT OF CONTROL, A CAR CRASHES TO THE EDGE OF A STEEP CLIFF...



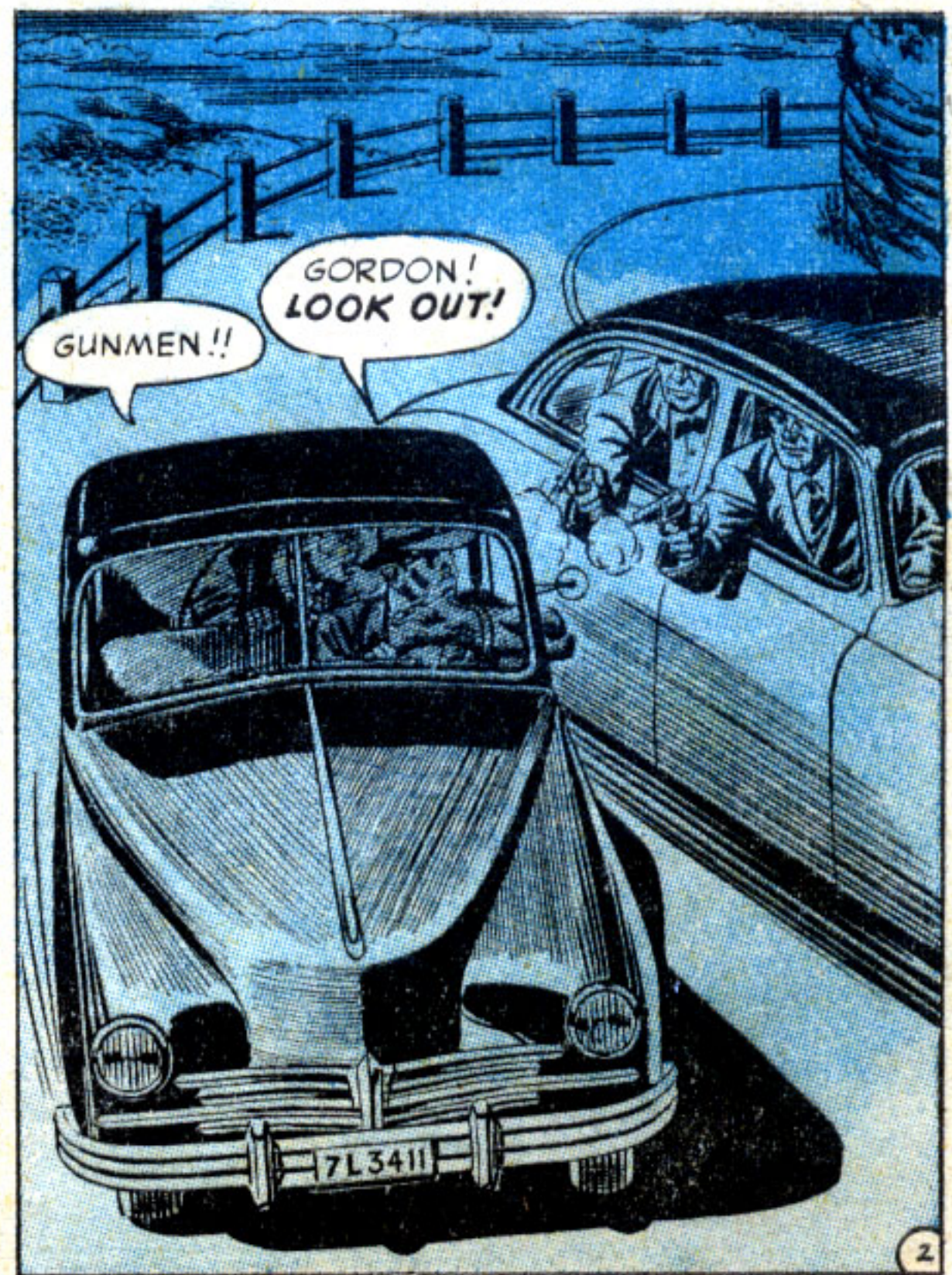
AN INSTANT BEFORE IT TAKES ITS TERRIBLE PLUNGE TO DESTRUCTION, A FIGURE LEAPS TO SAFETY!

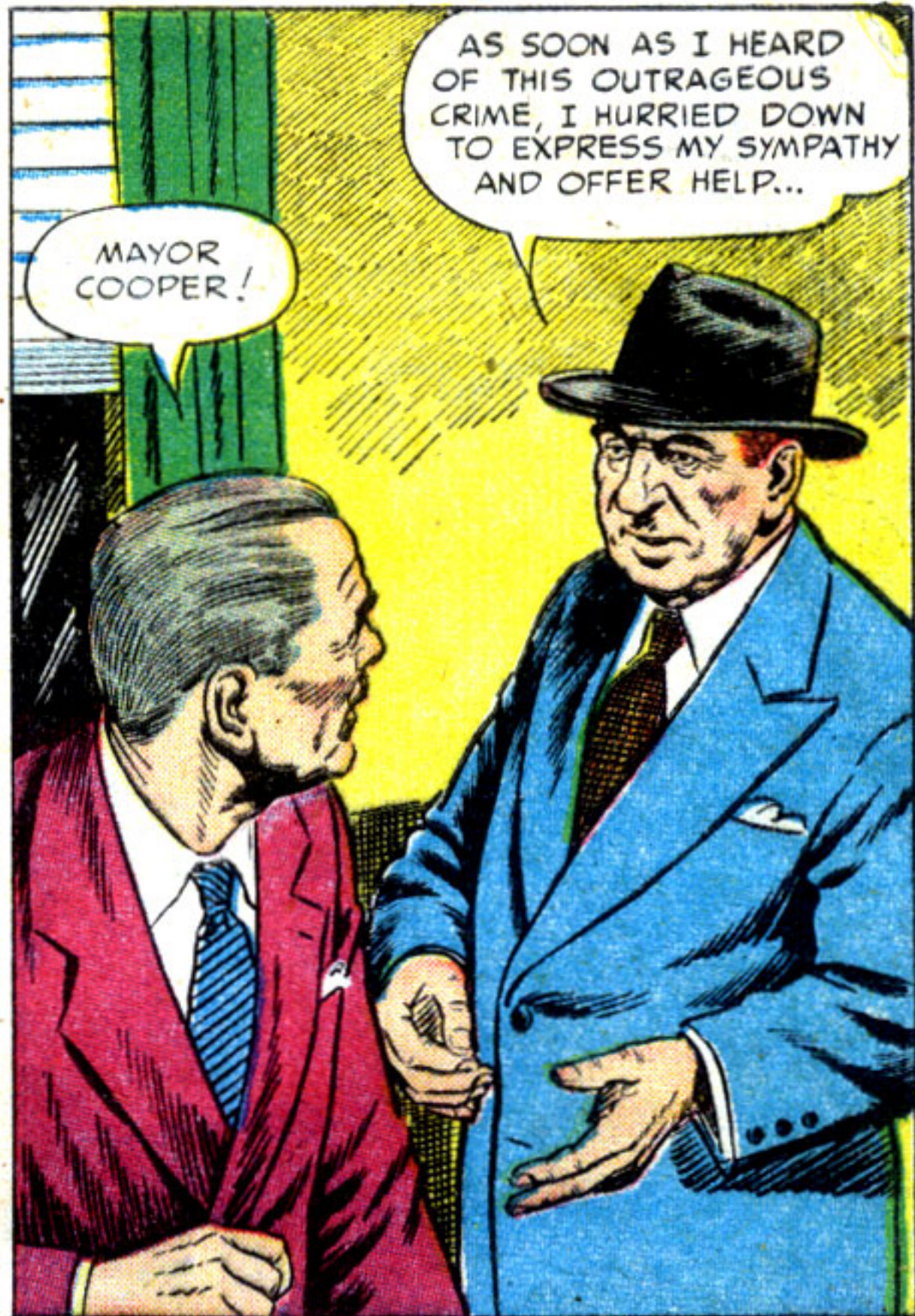


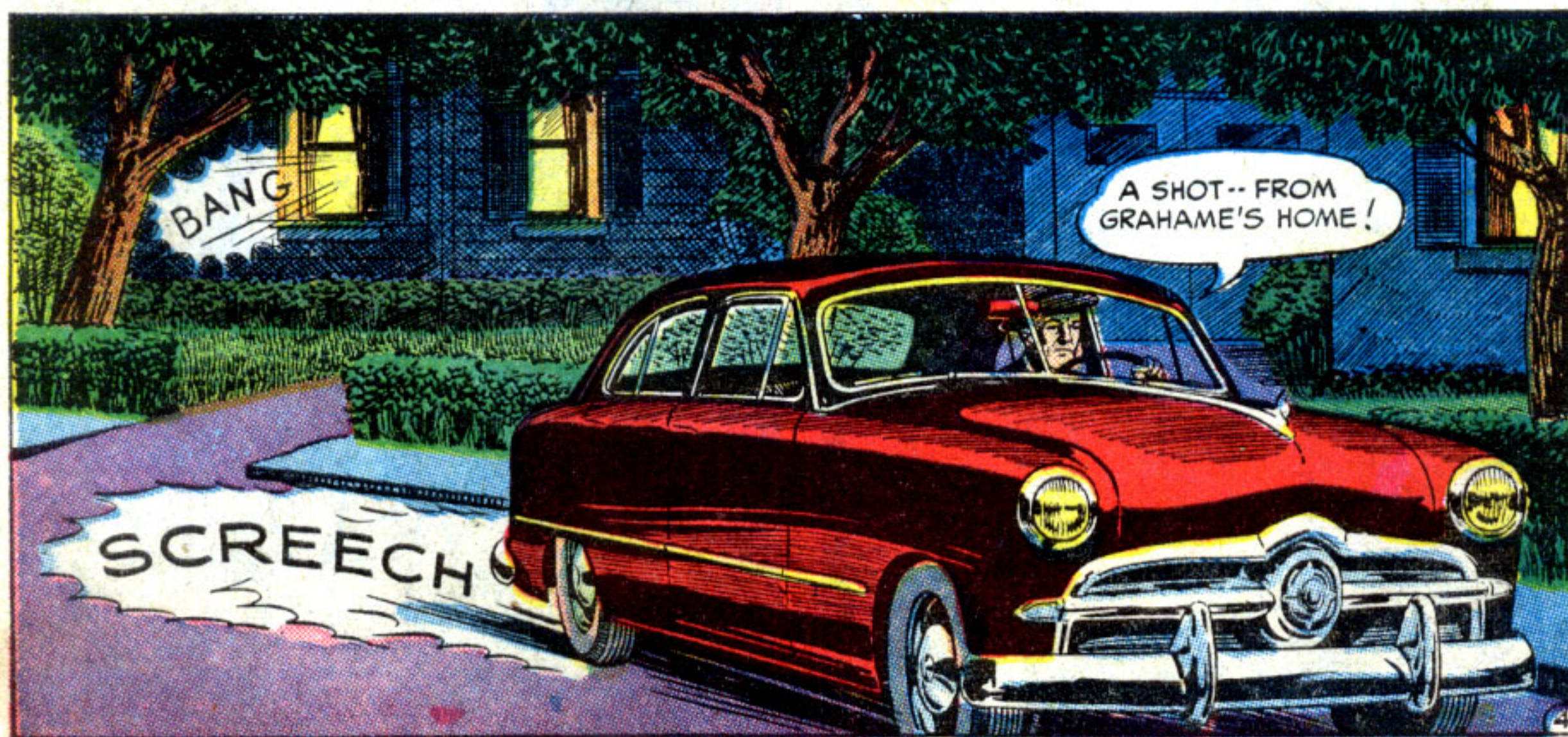
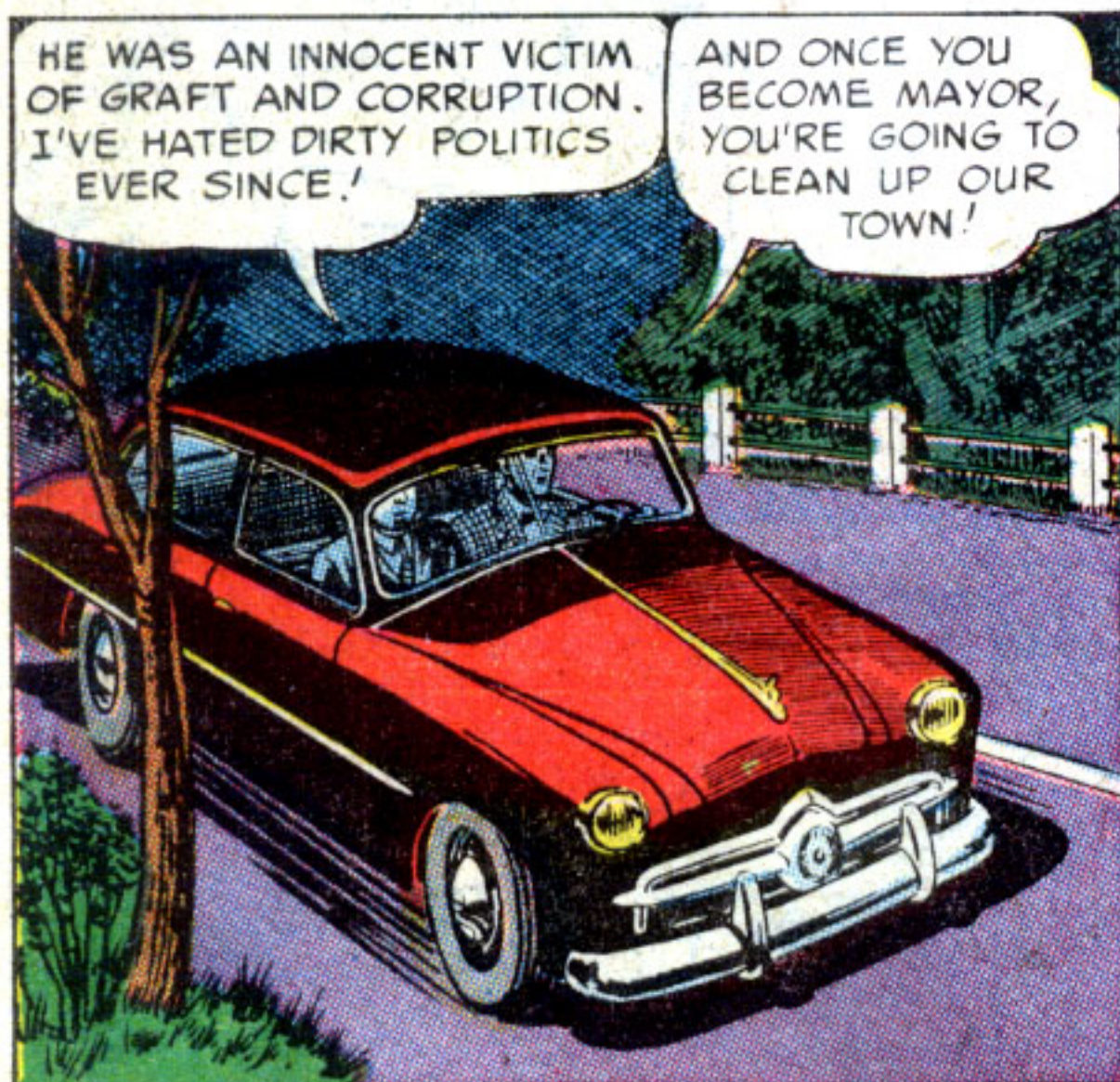
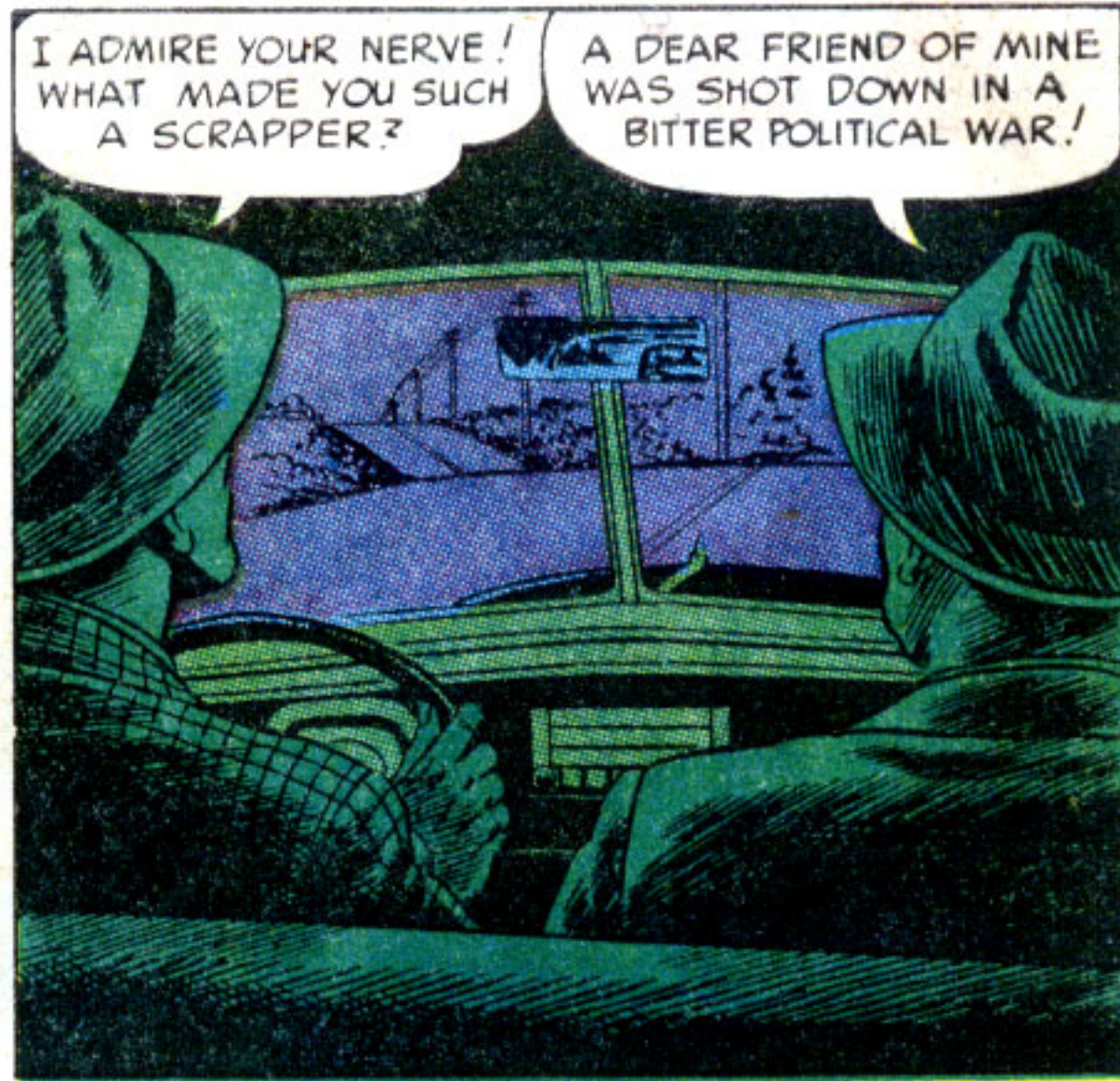


AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, ELLERY QUEEN WATCHES HIS FATHER, INSPECTOR RICHARD QUEEN OF HOMICIDE...

"... POOR CHARLIE AND I WENT FOR A DRIVE IN MY CAR... AS WE CRUISED..."









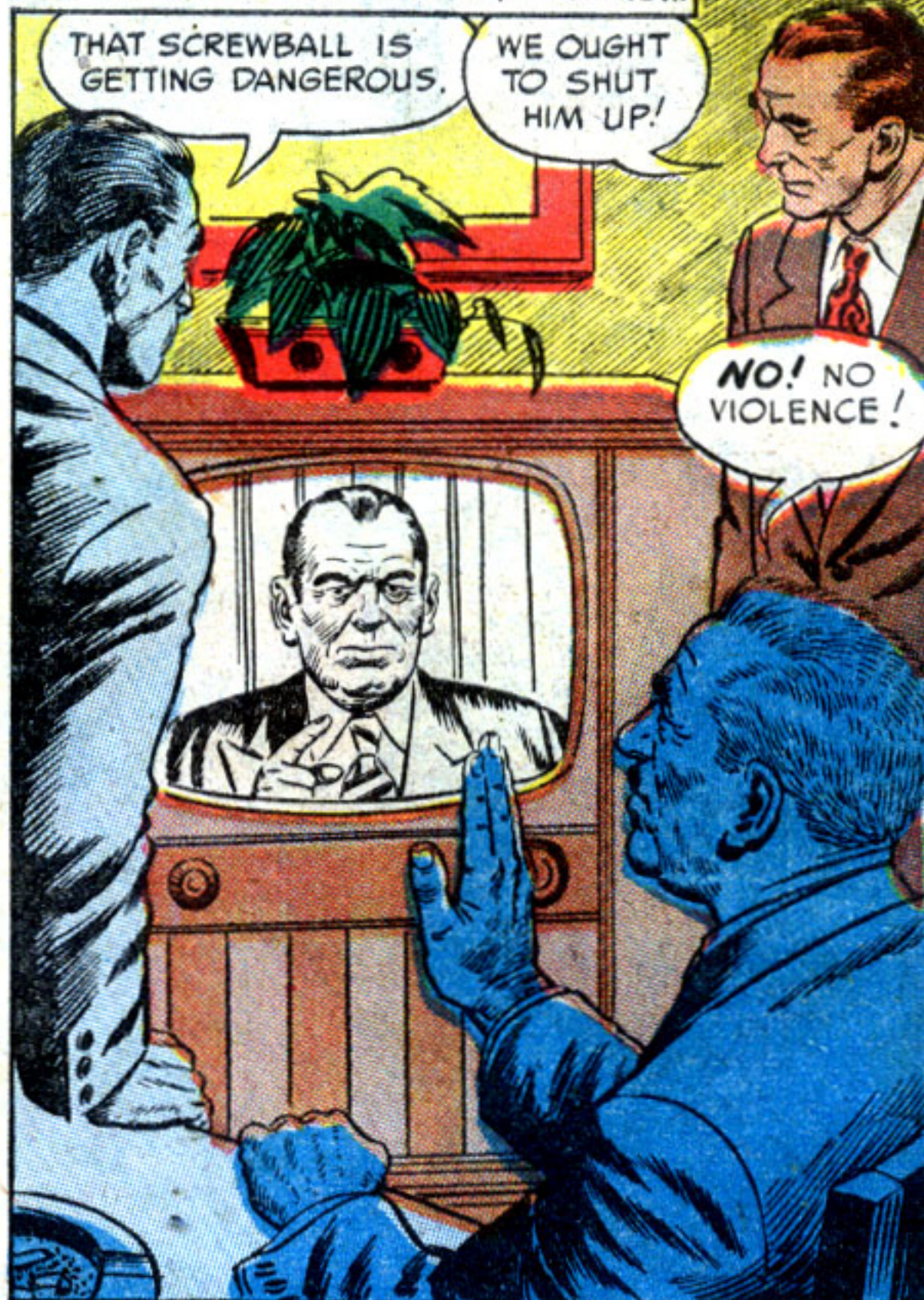




AS HE HAD THREATENED, THE REFORM CANDIDATE CARRIES THE FIGHT TO THE PUBLIC...



AND IN THE MAYOR'S HEADQUARTERS...



AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.









WE'VE BEEN CHECKING ON YOU! YOU'RE NOT THE REFORMER YOU PRETEND TO BE, BUT A CROOK! YOU BEGAN KILLING THE FEW PEOPLE WHO KNEW OF YOUR EVIL PAST, FOR A DOUBLE PURPOSE--



1. TO SILENCE THEM --
2. TO CAST SUSPICION ON YOUR RIVAL CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE, SO THAT HE WOULD BE DEFEATED!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOY SCOUT! I'LL BLAME YOUR DEATH ON COOPER, TOO--AND AFTER I'M ELECTED, I'LL REALLY RUN THIS TOWN!



GET UP, GRAHAME! YOU'RE GOING PLACES, ALL RIGHT... TO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER!

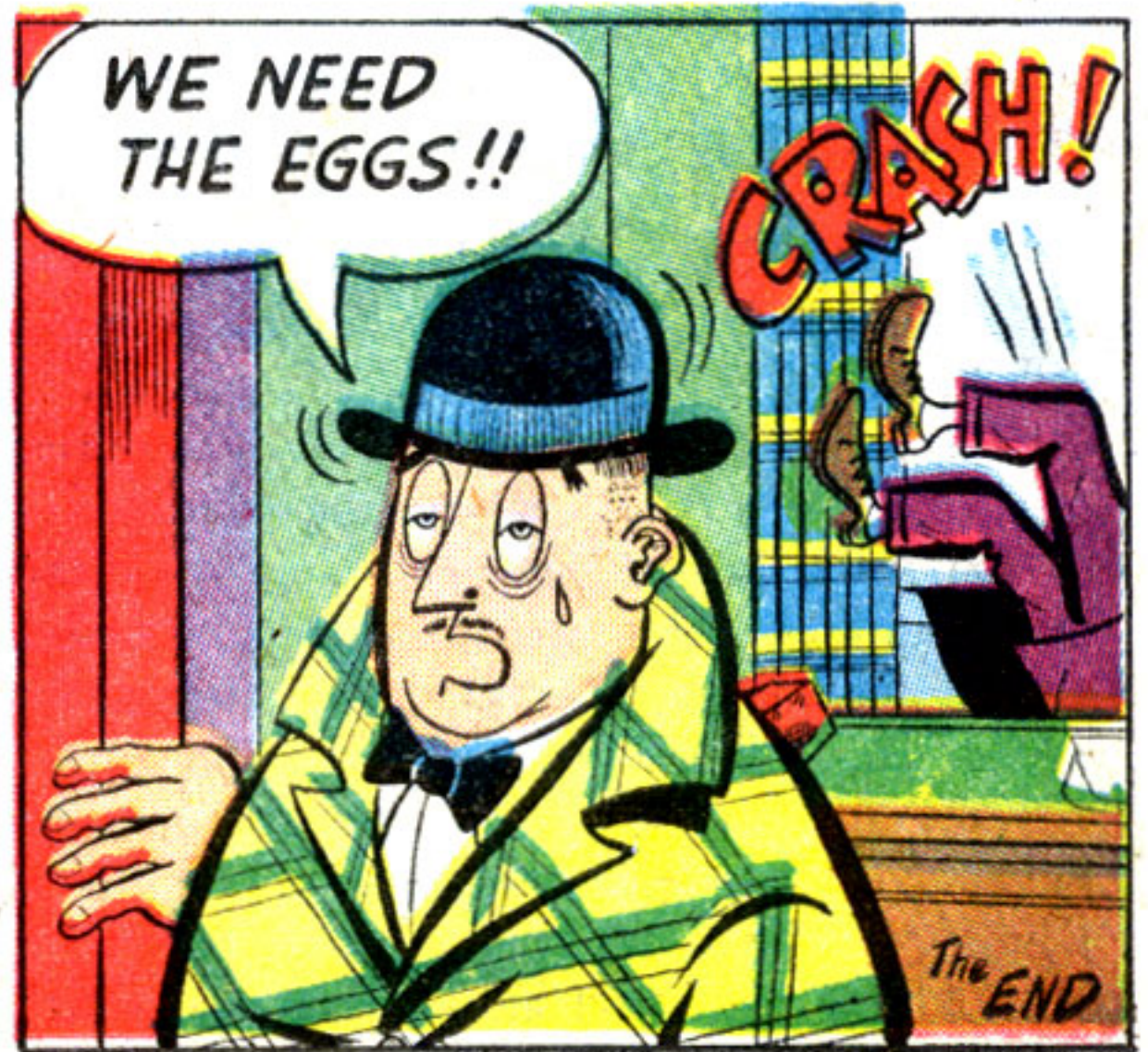
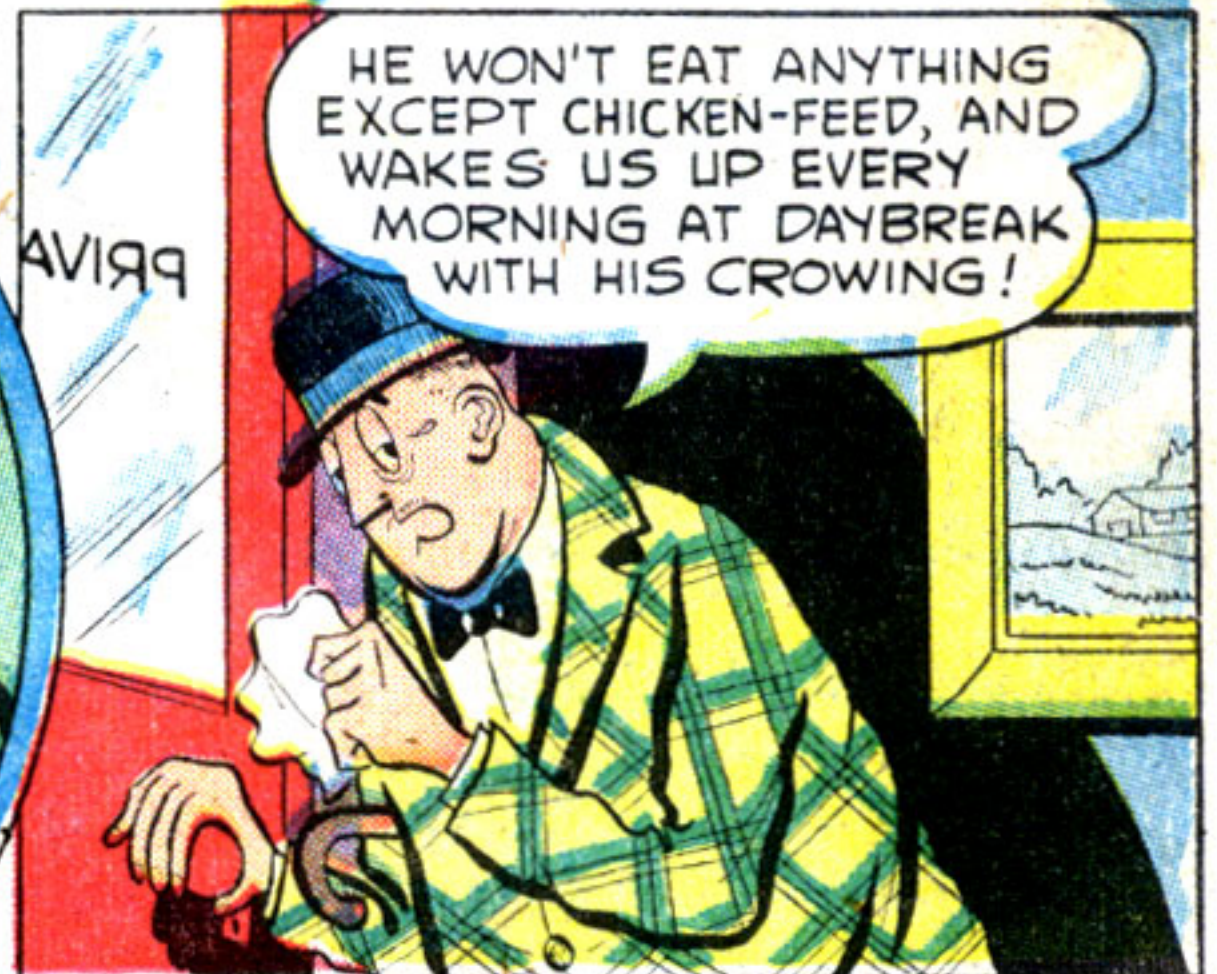
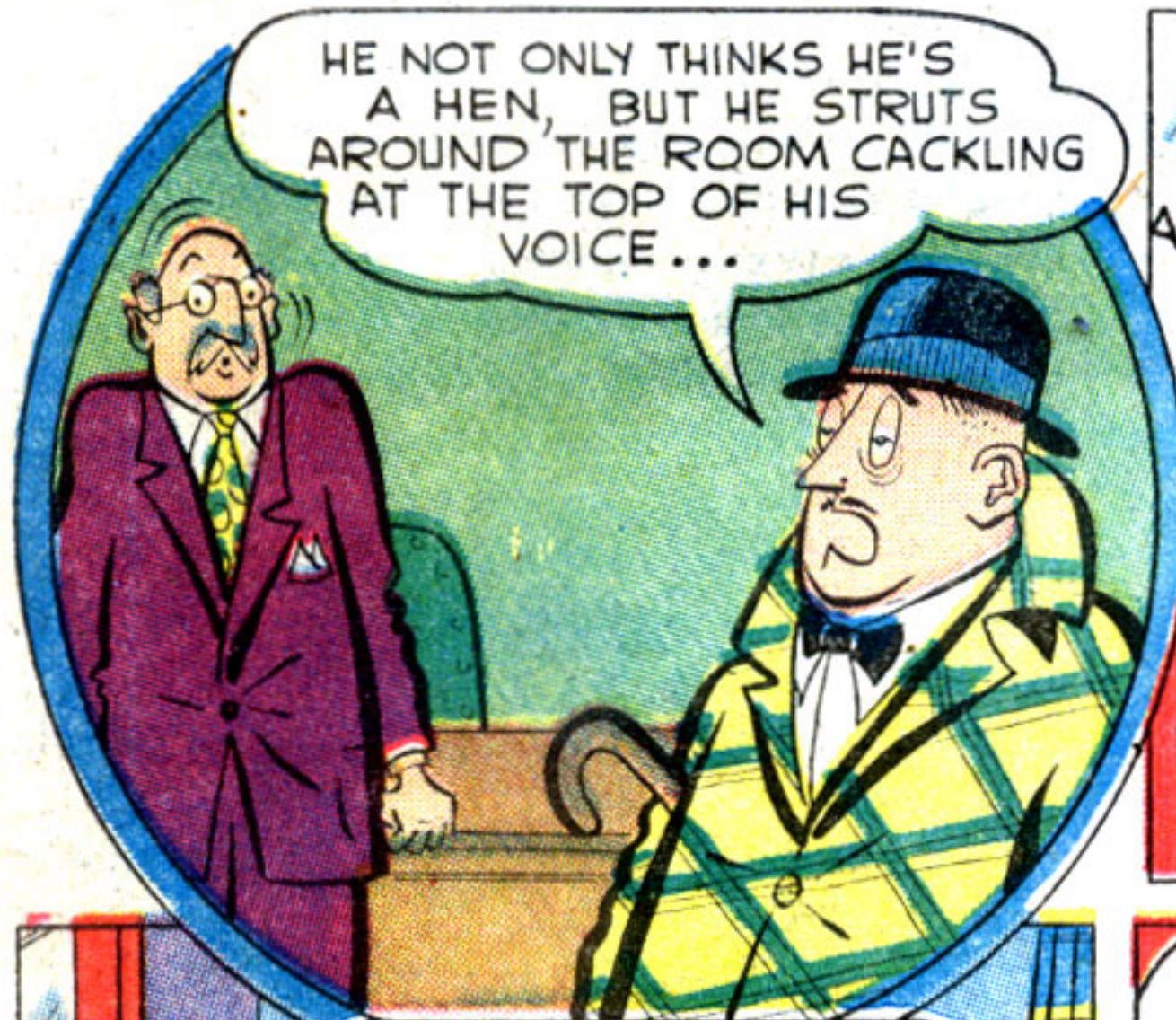
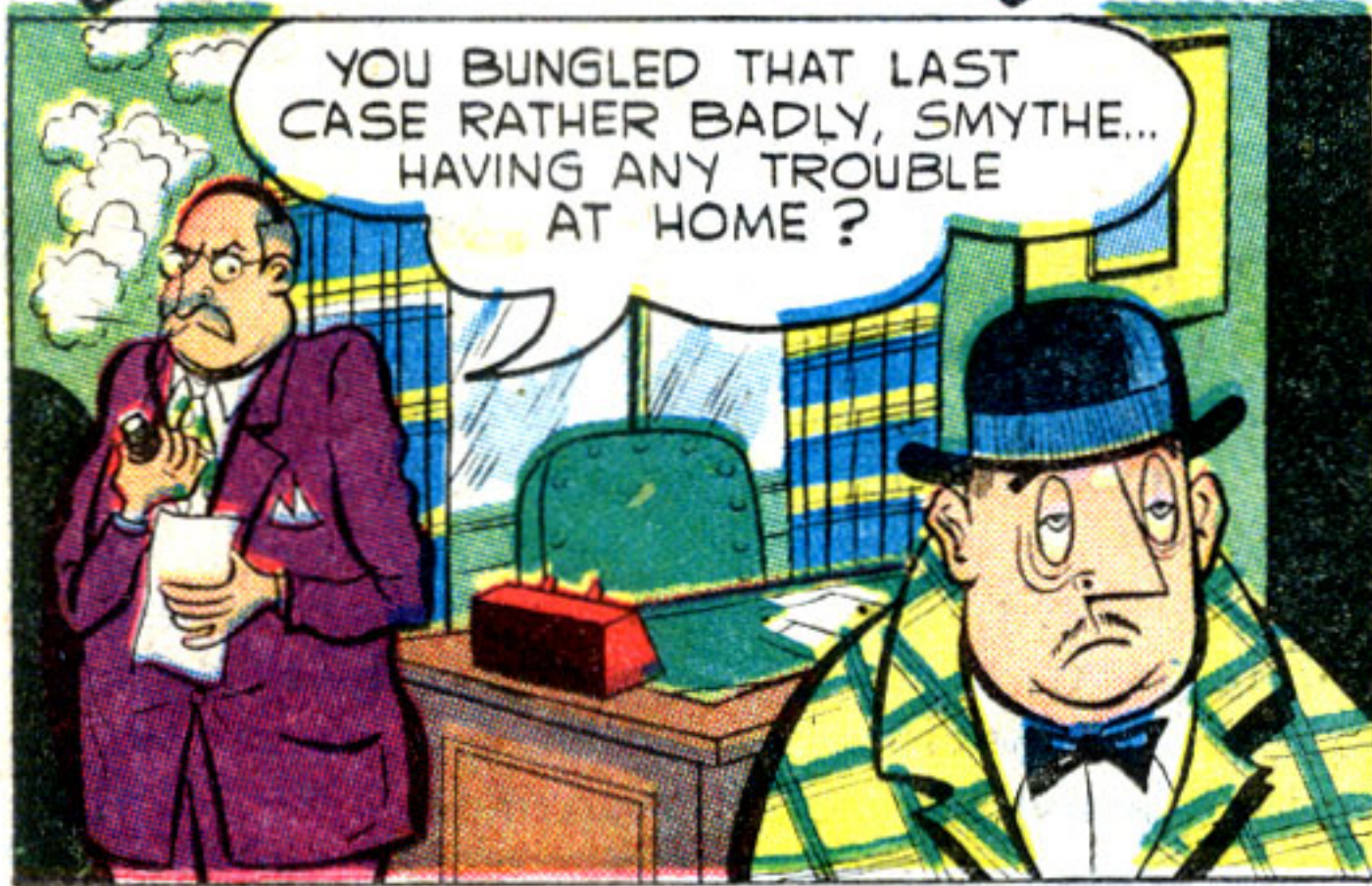
GOOD SHOOTING, DAD!



R. KAY

THE END

Smythe of Scotlandyard



SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING

I'M GOING to murder the old skin-flint!" Paul Cresswell reached this decision in his mind a long time before he actually got around to carrying it out.

"He's eighty years old, miserly, bed-ridden and useless", Paul continued to himself. "And ungenerous with his only son", he added, with a touch of self-righteousness.

Paul was over forty, debt-ridden and greedy. His creditors were pressing him; his father, had Paul asked for help, would only have refused it.

"It's time that I began to live", reflected Paul. "Time that I came into the inheritance which is really mine—time to dispose of the old man—once and for all!"

Once he had decided to murder his father, Paul, like all good murderers, prepared himself well in advance. Knowing that his father was addicted to the use of sleeping tablets, and kept a supply always at hand, Paul procured a supply of similar tablets in a distant city. These he pounded to a powder and carried always with him in a medicine bottle.

"Ready for the day!" he murmured, as he patted the bottle in his pocket.

Paul lived with his father on the outskirts of a suburb, from which he drove to his work in the city every day. The two men lived alone, attended only by an old woman who came in the morning and left in the evening. The old Cresswell manse stood in a lonely place; there were no inconvenient neighbors.

As Paul was about to leave for work on the morning of the murder, his father, querulous as usual, called him.

"Stop in a drug store and have my prescription re-filled, will you Paul?", whined the old man.

"Certainly, father!" replied Paul. His heart leaped as he took the prescription from his father.

"I'm stopping off at a cocktail party after work", added Paul. "I'll be a little late getting home!"

"Cocktail party!", grunted the old man, disparagingly. "Well, I don't need the prescription in a hurry, anyway."

"I'll bring it to you at dinner time, father", promised Paul.

"This is it!", he told himself. "Everything is

perfect for it! Today's the day—for MURDER!"

Paul was delighted, when, upon filling the prescription in the city, he saw that it was a filmy, milk-like liquid. His plan was ready to hand. He took his medicine bottle, half-filled with powdered sleeping tablets, and filled it with milk. This he replaced in one pocket. The bottle containing the prescription went in another pocket.

After work, Paul drove to the Lassiters cocktail party, a scant mile from his home. Paul parked his new car in a prominent spot, where it would be seen by any guests entering or leaving. Thanking his stars that his hosts were wealthy and cursed with a rambling, old-fashioned house, Paul entered, greeted his host and hostess, and made a point of speaking to everyone in sight. Half an hour later, he disappeared unobtrusively. He could be gone for twenty minutes without being missed. Leaving the house by the rear entrance, unseen, he cut across the fields, dark in the winter evening. It took him eight minutes to get to his father's house.

Entering, he ran to the old man's room.

"Here's your prescription, father", he said. "Wouldn't you like a dose right now?"

"That's what it's for isn't it?" replied the old man, testily.

Paul was removing the stopper from the bottle when the old man rasped,

"Don't forget to shake it, you idiot!"

Paul shook the medicine vigorously. He was about to pour the milky liquid into a glass when he said suddenly:

"I think I hear the telephone!"

Since the old man was deaf, he confined himself to saying, simply:

"Answer it, then!"

Paul, obeying, left the room with the bottle of medicine and the glass.

Once outside the room, Paul took the mixture of sleeping tablets and milk from his pocket, poured half the contents into the glass, and replaced the bottle in his pocket. Then he put the medicine bottle, un-opened, in another pocket. He returned to his father's room with a glass containing the filmy liquid.

"He won't notice the absence of the medicine

bottle", Paul assured himself.

"Who was it?" asked his father.

"Wrong number", murmured Paul. His father took the glass greedily, as he took everything, and finished it at one swallow. In less than a minute, he lay back and closed his eyes. Death would come shortly, very quietly, and would need no further assistance from Paul.

He took the bottle containing the prescription, wiped it carefully, and placed it on the bedside table. Then he hastened back to the cocktail party. His watch told him that he had been gone less than twenty minutes; his conversation with the other guests told him that it was assumed that he had not been absent from the party.

It was almost two hours later when he remembered, with a shock, that he had made a mistake, although not an irretrievable one. He should never have left the medicine behind him! But as long as he was the first one to enter the old man's room, all would be well!

Paul thanked his hosts for a pleasant evening, climbed into his car and drove home. His father was dead, in the exact position in which he had left him.

"A sick old man!" thought Paul. "No coroner's jury could bring in a verdict other than suicide—especially since he was known to have sleeping tablets in his possession!"

Going to the telephone, Paul dialed hurriedly.

"Dr. Griswold?" he asked. "Paul Cresswell. I've just come home and found my father dead! You'll come at once? Good!" He hung up.

"An old country quack," he thought happily, "and as stupid as they come!"

Griswold arrived within ten minutes. He examined the body of the old man, sniffed at the medicine and held it up to the light.

"Is anything wrong with that medicine, sir?" asked Paul.

"It's the prescription I gave him, all right", replied Griswold. "When did you have it re-filled?"

"Today in the city", replied Paul.

"And when did you bring it to him?" asked Griswold.

"Actually, I didn't", said Paul. "I carried it about in my pocket all day. After work, I went to the Lassiters' cocktail party, where I stayed for a couple of hours. Then I drove home with the prescription, and arrived here to find him dead. Naturally, he didn't take any of that medicine, because it wasn't here. He probably became morose and took sleeping tablets", Paul hazarded.

"He was killed by an overdose of sleeping tablets!" admitted Griswold. "I understand you to say that you haven't been home all day, until about fifteen minutes ago?" he added.

"That's right, Doctor", said Paul.

"And you carried this prescription in your pocket all day, until about fifteen minutes ago? In fact, you drove home with it from the cocktail party?"

"Certainly!" Paul replied testily. "Is there anything wrong in that?"

"I'm afraid there is, sir", said the doctor. "Look here!"

With thumb and forefinger he held the bottle up before Paul's eyes. The medicine was solid white at the bottom, clear as water on top.

"Had you carried this about all day with you until a few minutes ago, this medicine would have been quite thoroughly shaken up. As you see, it is now settled. It takes two hours for this medicine to settle, Mr. Cresswell, although you tell me that you carried it about with you all day, placing it on this table only fifteen minutes ago."

"Wh-what's wrong with that?" gasped Paul.

"Had you carried it about with you all day, it would still be shaken up!" replied the doctor. "You force me to conclude, by your own statements, that for some reason this medicine was placed on this table at least two hours ago! Because of this discrepancy in your story, sir, I must call the police!"

Dr. Griswold went into the next room, where Paul heard him dialing.

"Hello! Police Department? This is Dr. Griswold. Please send a man to the Cresswell house right away. There's been a murder!"

At the last word, Paul slumped to the bed on which his father's body lay dead.

"Griswold knows!" he thought. "The police will come . . . they'll ask thousands of questions . . . soon they'll know, too!"

Paul knew that he was at the beginning of the trail that leads to the condemned cell. He had planned the perfect murder; he had failed.

"No!" thought Paul. "I haven't failed completely! I can still escape!"

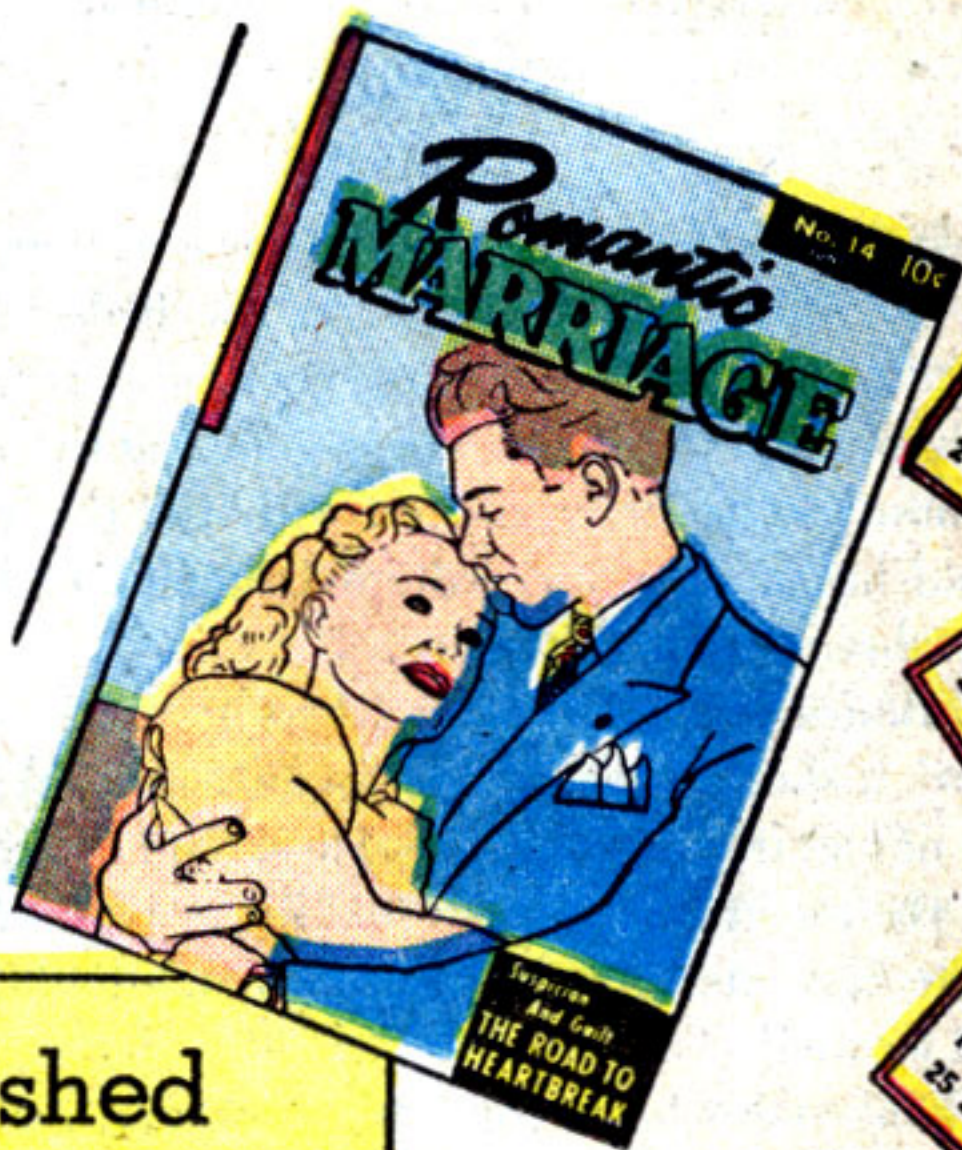
Fumbling in his pocket, he brought out the bottle still half filled with the solution of sleeping pills and milk—the solution that had so effectively disposed of his father.

Quickly, he raised it to his lips and drank.

When Dr. Griswold entered, with the police, Paul and his father were side by side in death.

THE END

Thrills! Excitement! Adventure! Romance!



Published
**EVERY
MONTH!**



**LOOK FOR
THESE
SYMBOLS
OF**



Wholesome Reading For The Entire Family

ELLERY QUEEN

ELLERY QUEEN HAS OUT-WITTED MANY A CRIMINAL DURING HIS CRIME-FIGHTING CAREER! BUT CAN HE FOIL THE DEATH THAT AWAITS HIM FROM THE MARKSMEN ON HIS OWN SIDE-- THE POLICE? ELLERY QUEEN, THE HUNTER, BECOMES ELLERY QUEEN THE HUNTED, IN THE CASE OF...

in "A

KILLER'S REVENGE"

COME AND GET
ME, YA LOUSY
COPPERS!

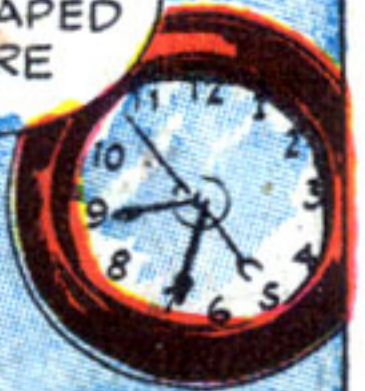
60917

YOU HANDLE THAT GUARD,
GORDON! I'LL TAKE THE
ONE ON THE TOWER! AS
SOON AS WE'RE OUTSIDE
THE WALL, WE SPLIT UP!
I GOT BUSINESS!

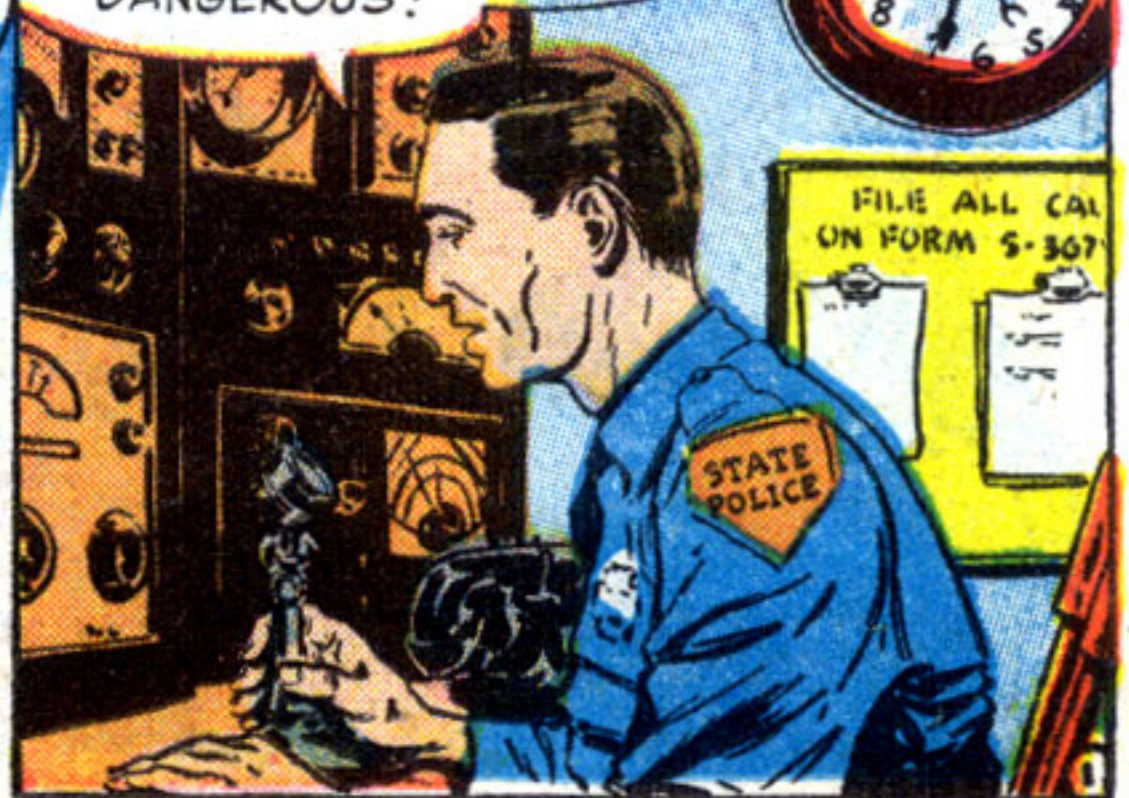
YEAH? WHAT
BUSINESS, DRAKE!

I'M GONNA GET THE GUY
THAT CAUGHT ME AND
SENT ME UP HERE --
EIGHT YEARS AGO! A
SMART PUNK NAMED
ELLERY QUEEN, WHO PUT
A BULLET IN MY KNEE-
CAP AND MADE ME
GIMPY FER LIFE!

BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR CHUCK
DRAKE, FORTY, WHO JUST ESCAPED
FROM YOLANDA PRISON, WHERE
HE WAS SERVING LIFE FOR
KIDNAPPING AND MURDER!
THIS MAN IS ARMED AND
DANGEROUS!



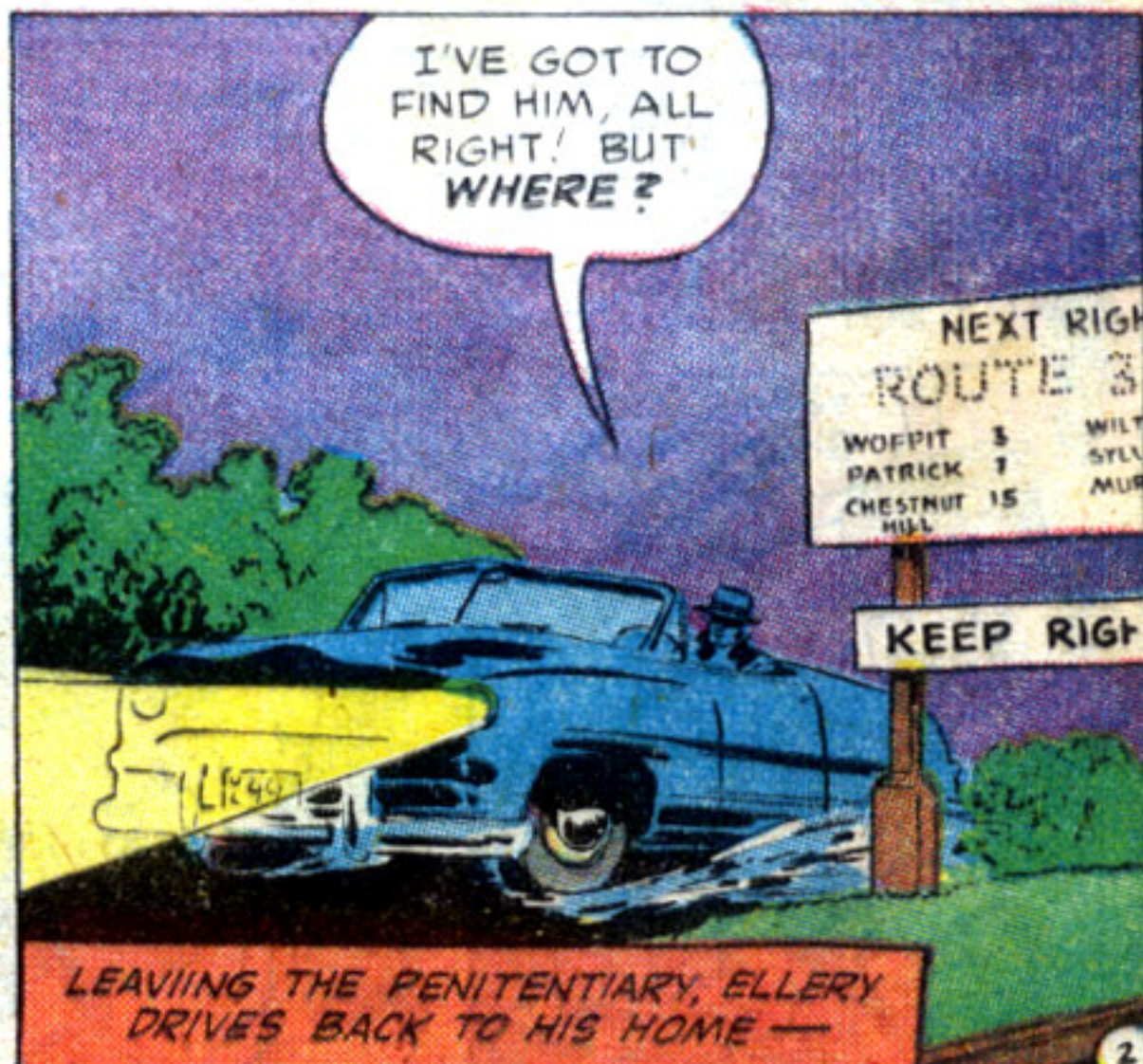
FILE ALL CAL
ON FORM S-367



THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR RICHARD QUEEN, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



MEANWHILE, IN THE RAILROAD YARDS OF A FASHIONABLE NEW YORK SUBURB...





THIS LOOKS GOOD! NOBODY HOME BUT JUST THAT ONE BABE! THIS IS FOR ME!

MEANWHILE, THE ESCAPED CRIMINAL, DRAKE, PROWL'S THROUGH THE GROUNDS AND REACHES A HOUSE...



IS THAT YOU, PHILLIPS? YOU'RE BACK EARLY!



YEAH-- IT'S ME-- MA'AM!



WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?

JUST KEEP COOL, SISTER! I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS!



MY NAME'S LORRAINE COLEMAN. I'M A WIDOW. I LIVE HERE WITH MY BUTLER AND A COOK. IT'S THEIR NIGHT OFF!

THAT'S A BREAK-- FOR THEM **AND** ME!



WHERE'S THE TELEPHONE, BABY? YOU'RE GONNA PULL THE SWITCH ON AN OLD PAL OF MINE--**MISTER ELLERY QUEEN!**



YOU GOT THE STORY STRAIGHT, HONEY?

Y-YES...



MR. ELLERY QUEEN? THIS IS LORRAINE COLEMAN, IN GREENWICH. MR. QUEEN, I NEED YOUR HELP RIGHT AWAY!... I... I'M BEING BLACKMAILED!



I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR PANIC, MRS. COLEMAN. I'LL DRIVE OVER AT ONCE!

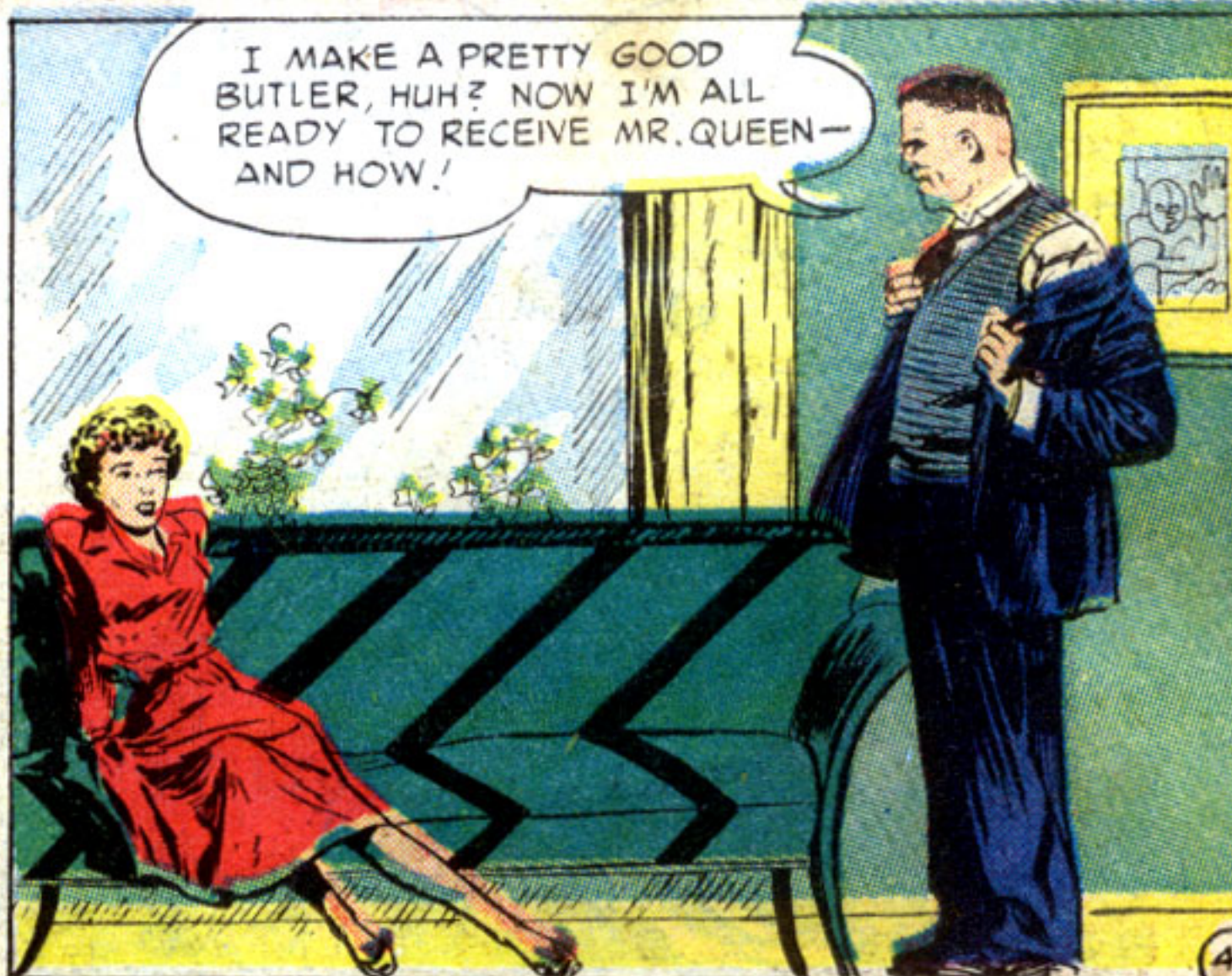


NICE WORK! I HEARD THAT QUEEN WAS A SUCKER FOR A LADY IN DISTRESS!

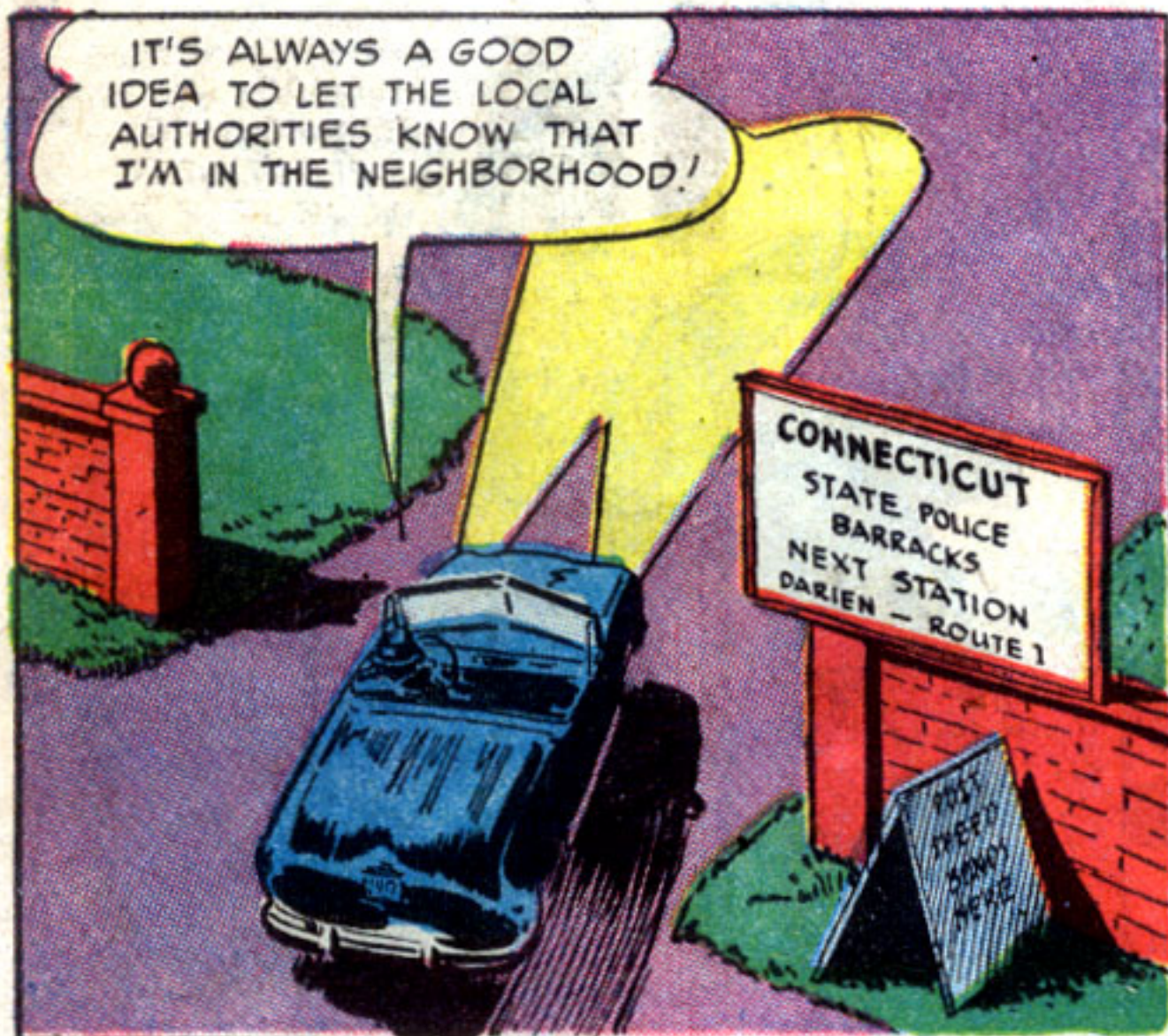
NOW, HOW ABOUT SOME CLOTHES FOR ME, TOOTS?

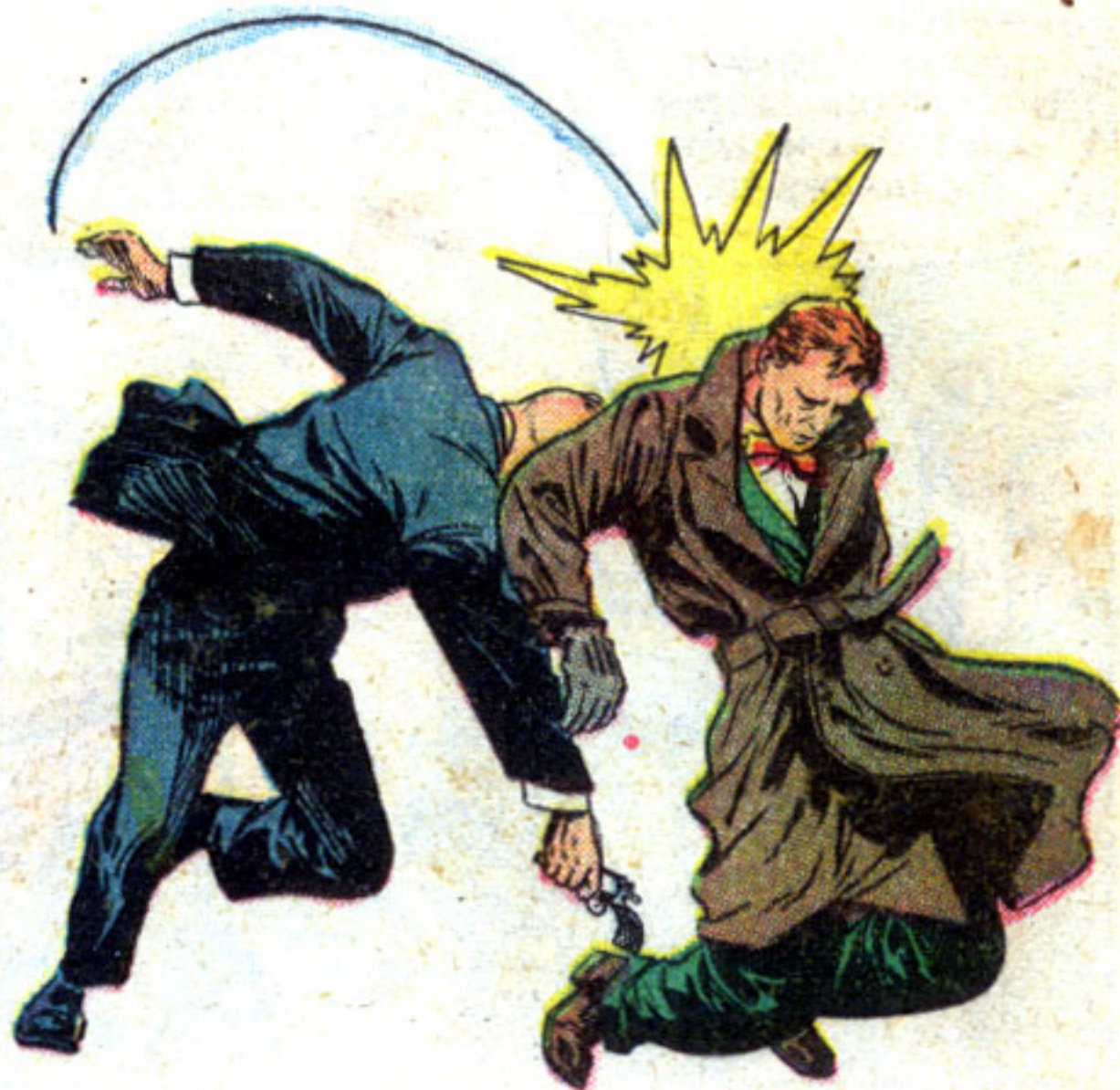


BLACKMAIL IS THE FILTHIEST CRIME IN THE BOOKS! THERE'S NOTHING I'D RATHER DO THAN TRAP A BLACKMAILER!

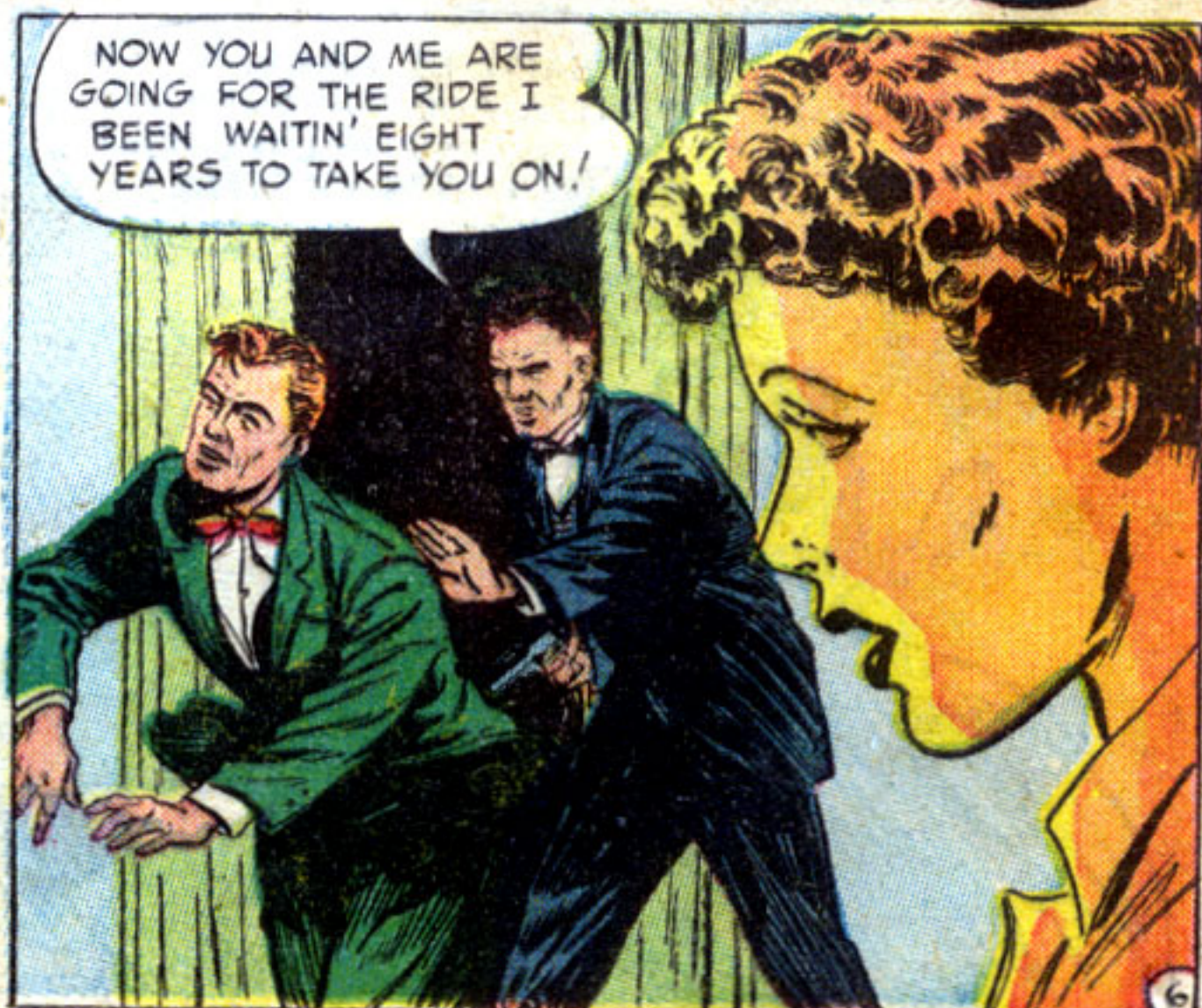
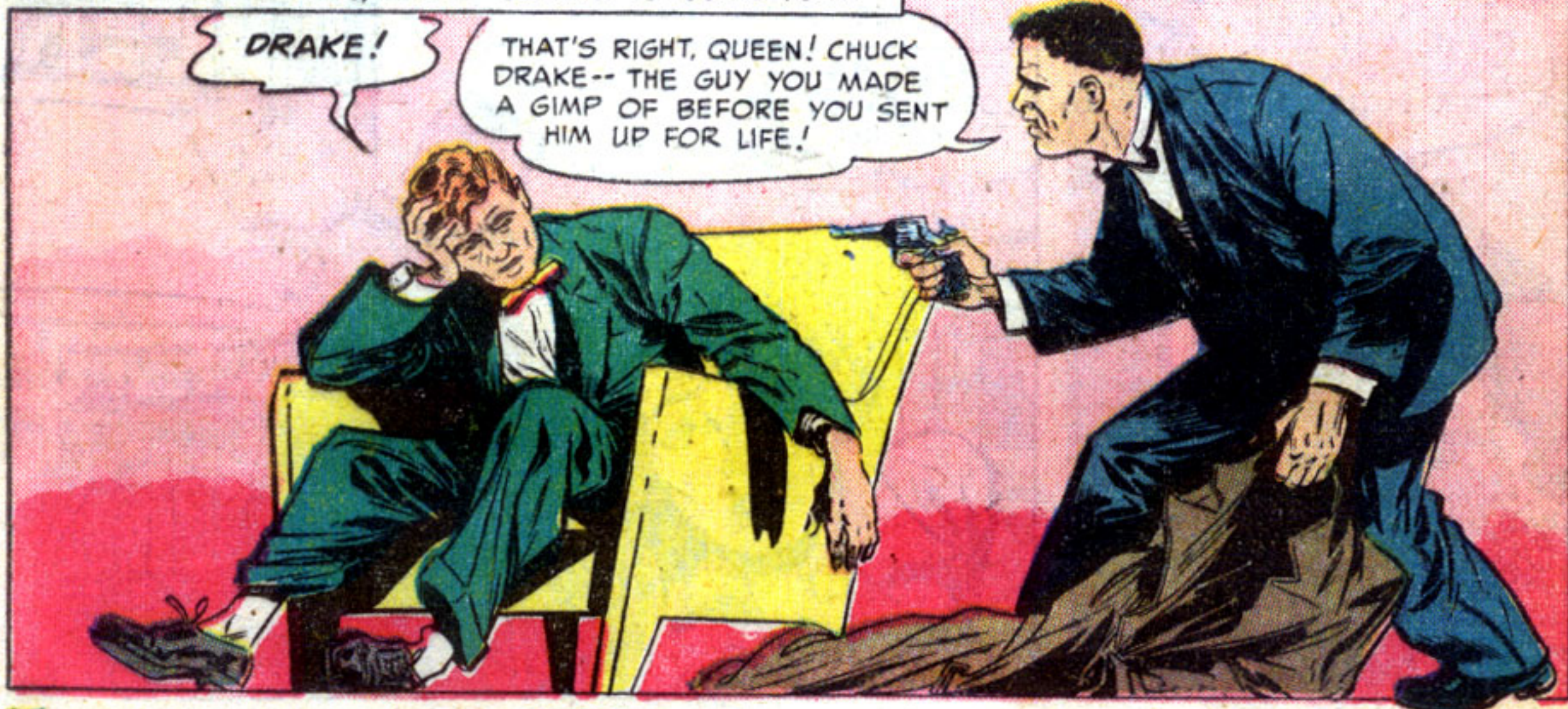


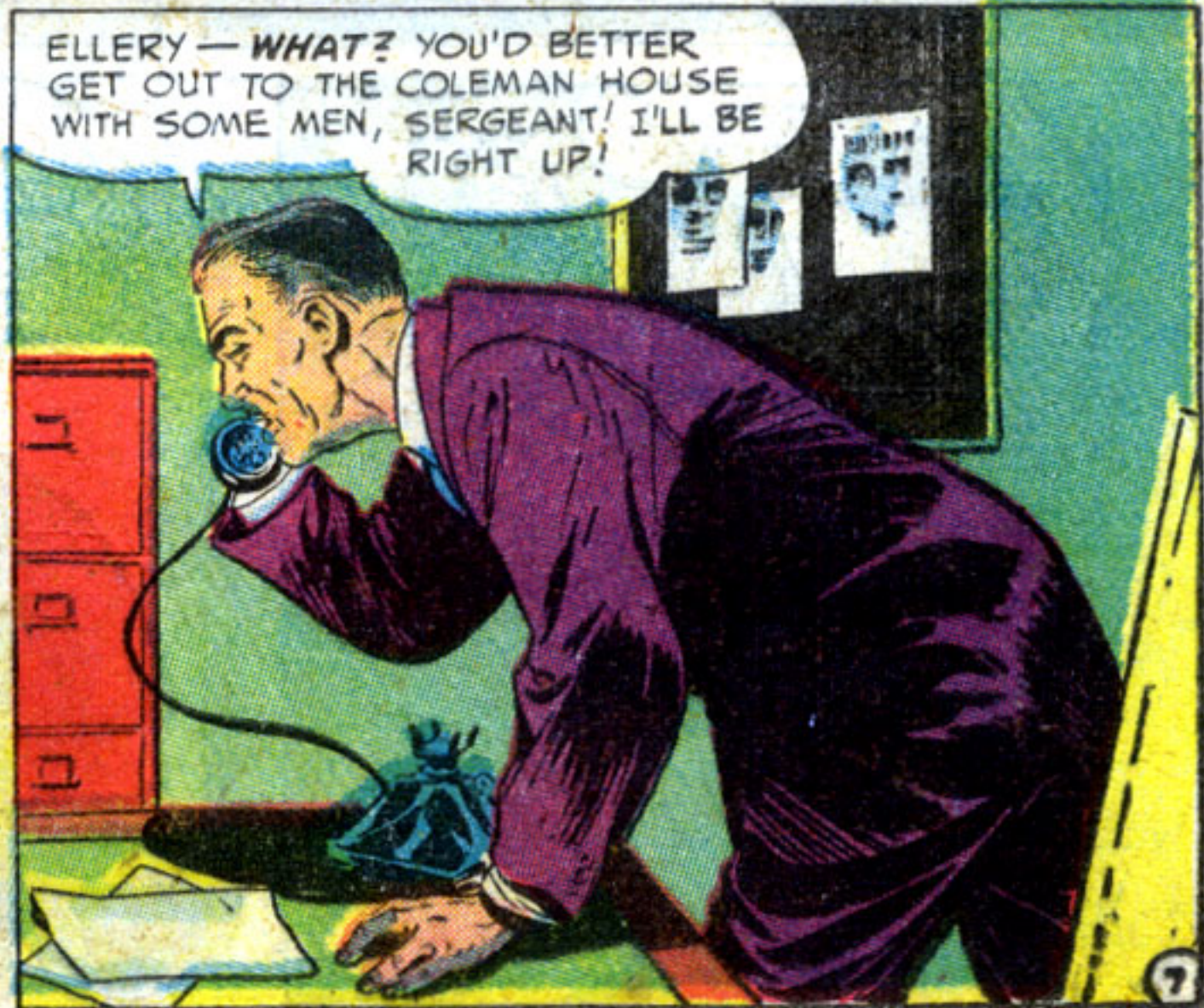
I MAKE A PRETTY GOOD BUTLER, HUH? NOW I'M ALL READY TO RECEIVE MR. QUEEN—AND HOW!





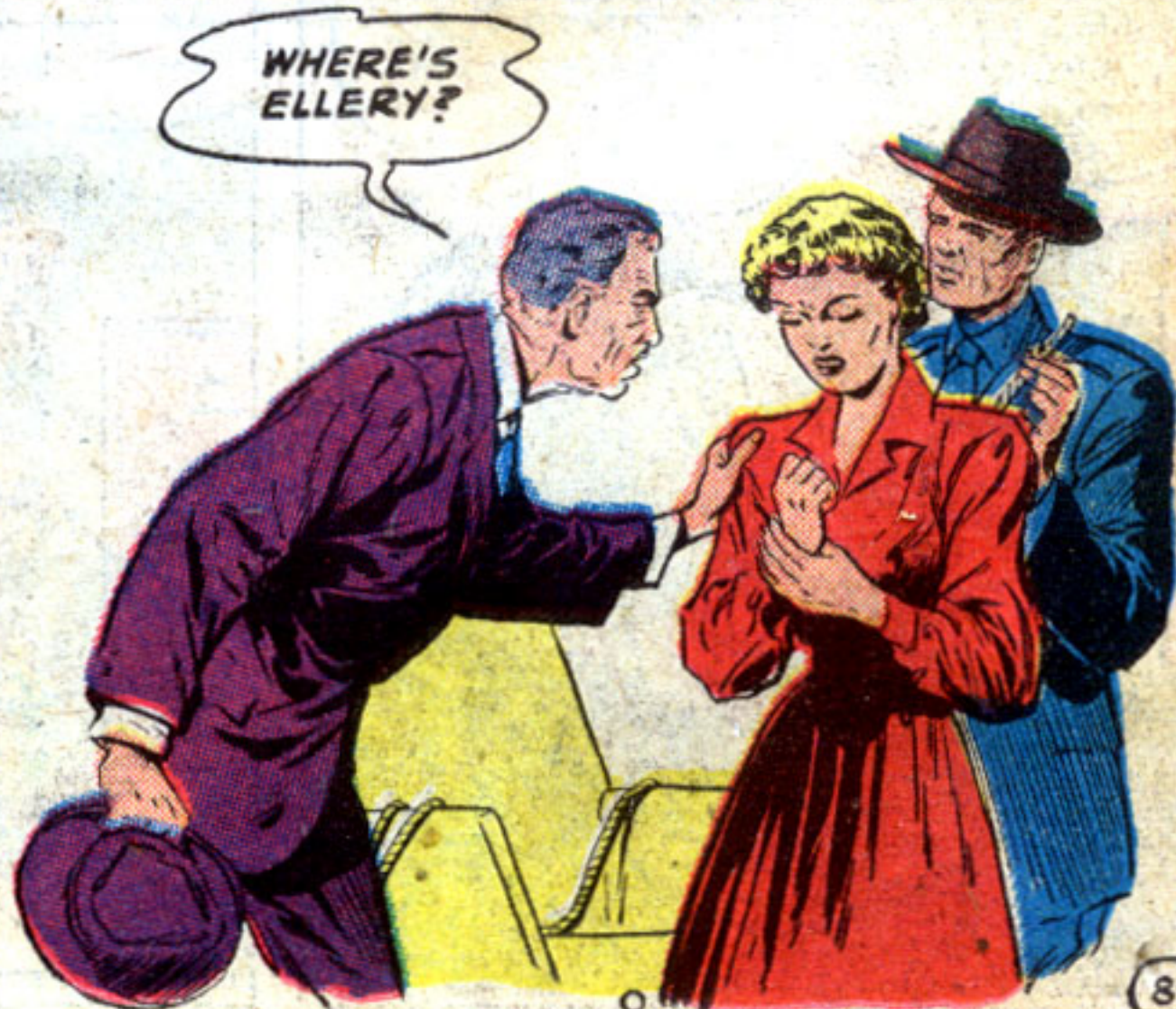
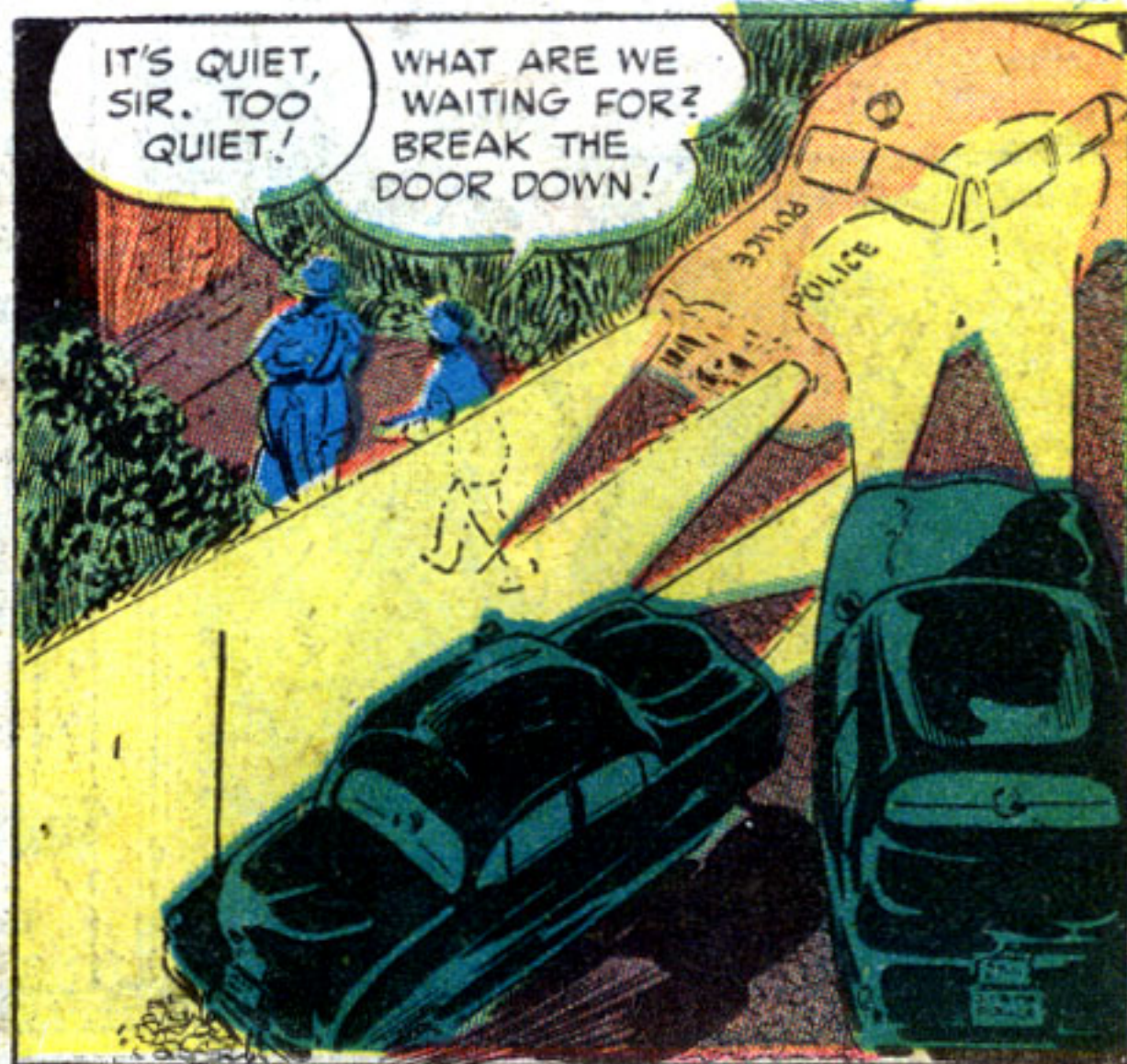
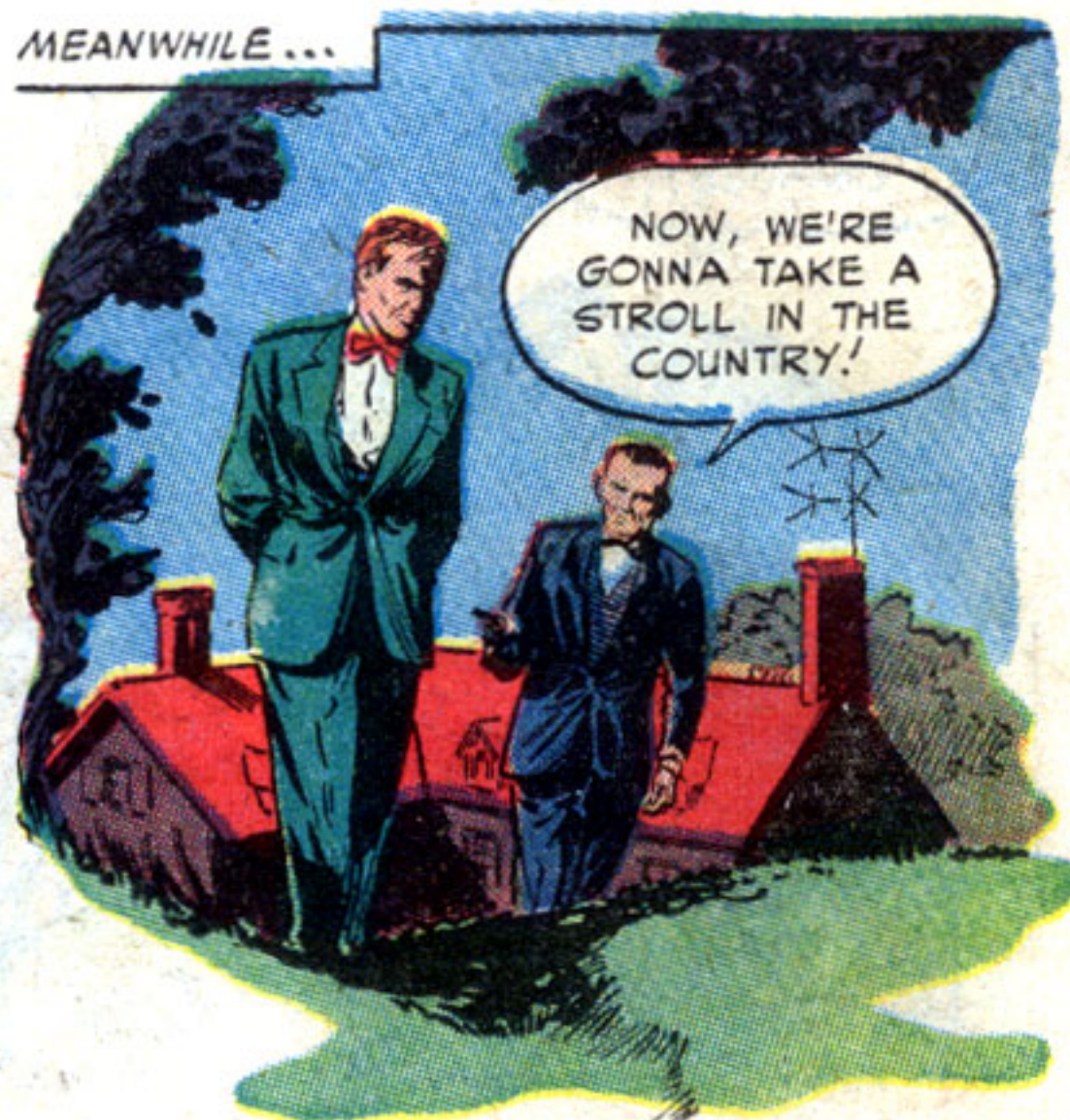
TWENTY MINUTES LATER, ELLERY BEGINS TO COME TO...

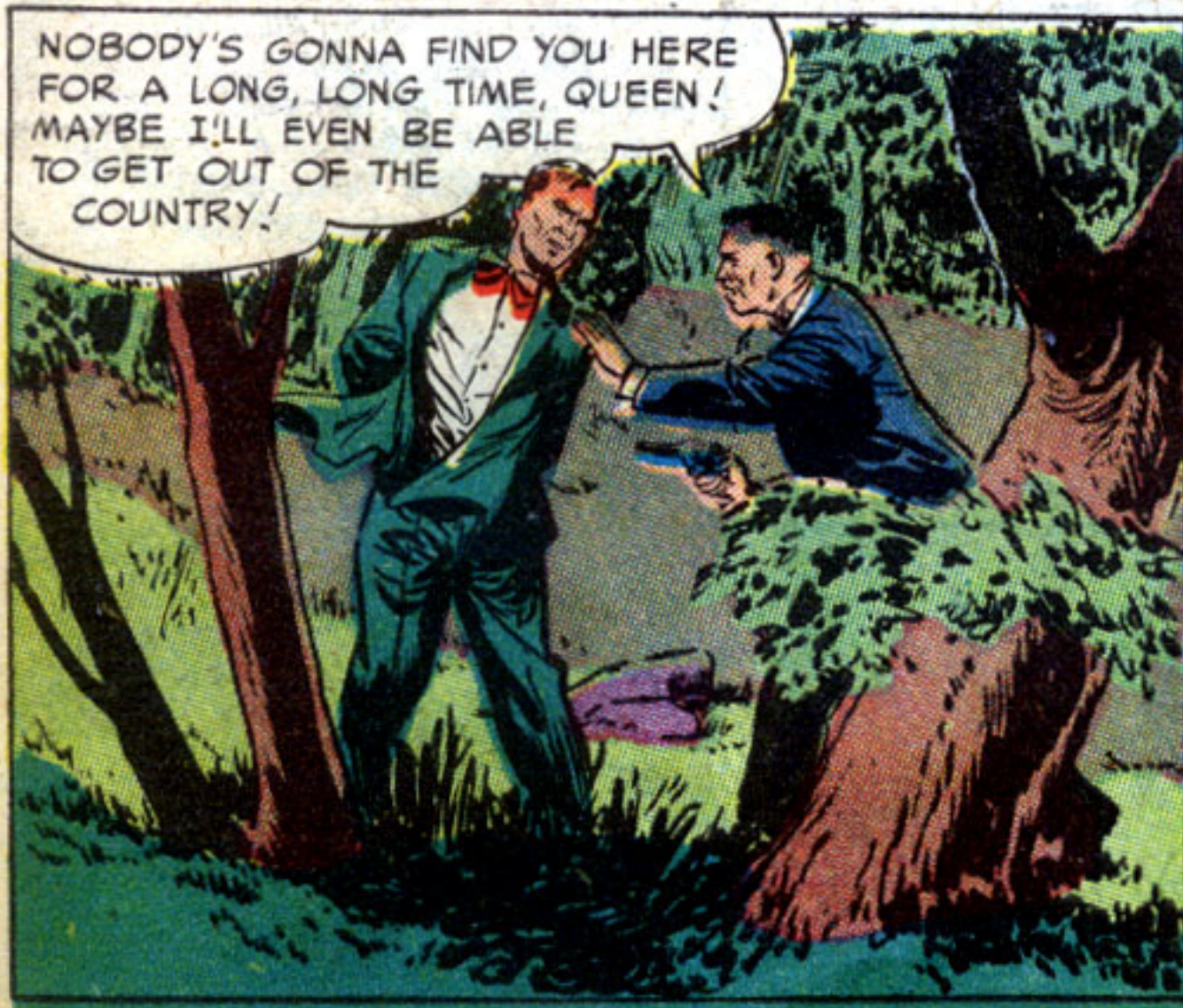
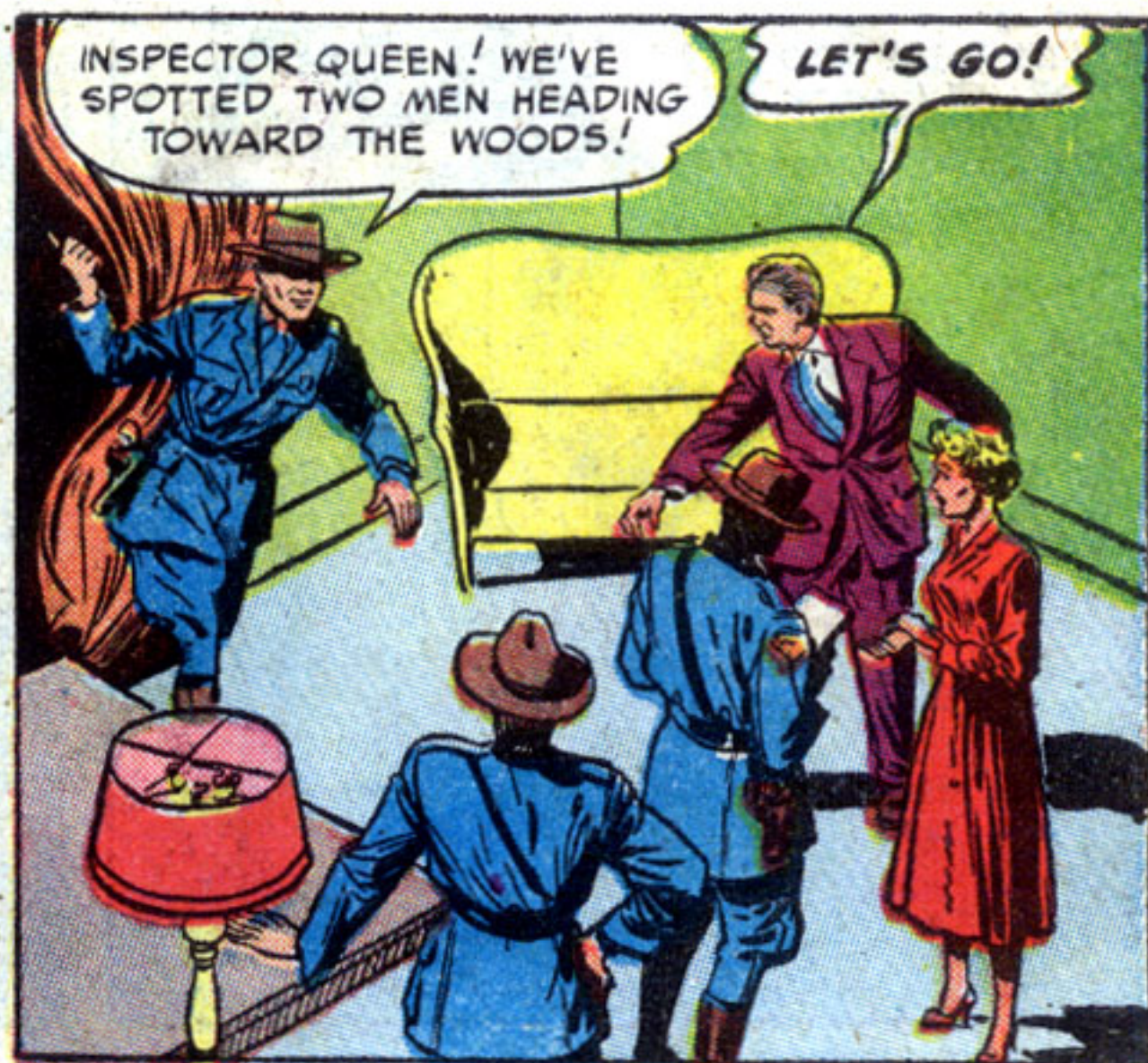






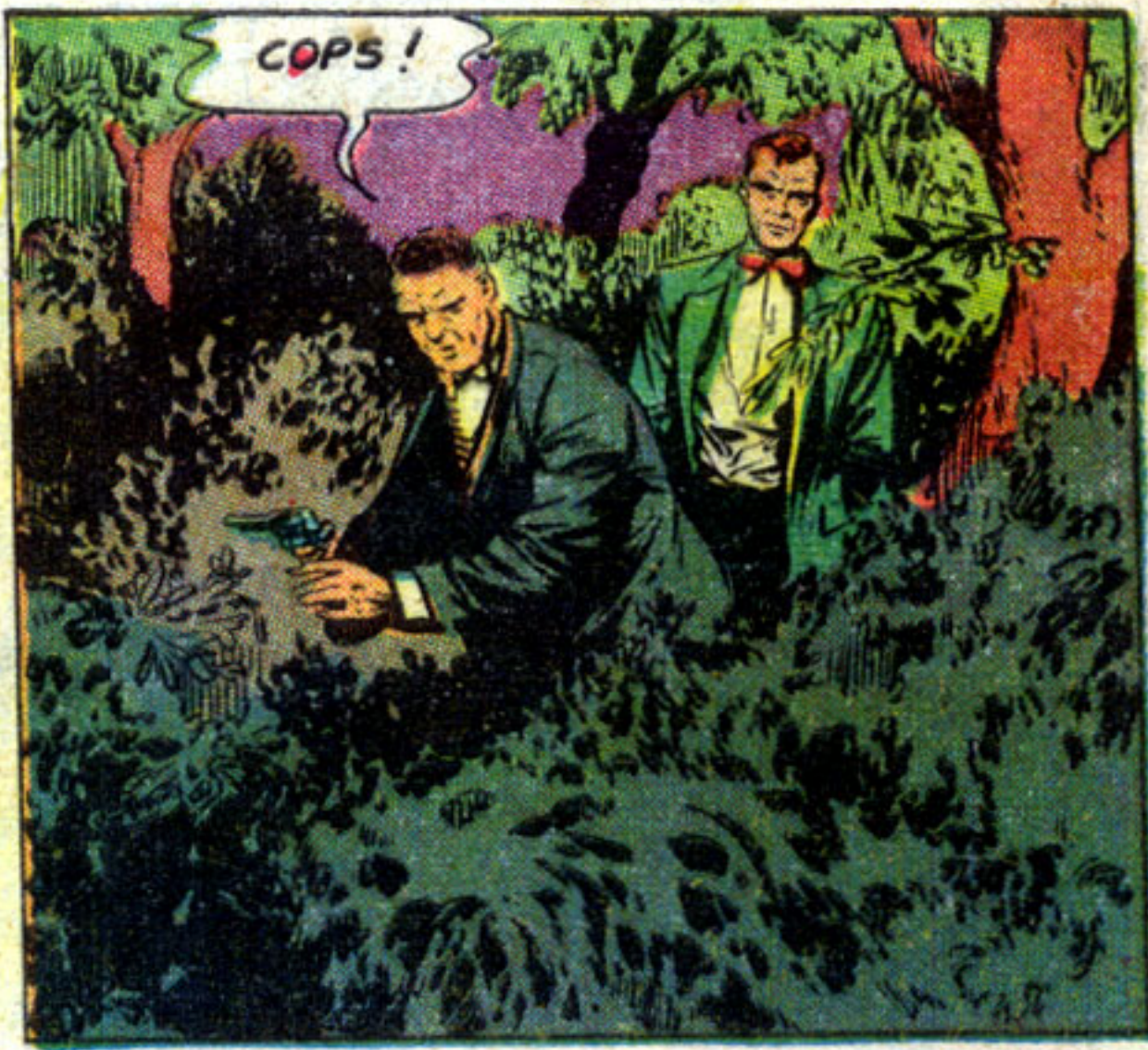
MEANWHILE ...







DON'T BE TOO SURE,
DRAKE! LOOK UP
THERE!



COPS!



OKAY, QUEEN!
I'M GONNA
GIVE IT TO
YOU RIGHT
NOW!

WHAT GOOD WILL
IT DO YOU, DRAKE?
THOSE MEN WILL
SHOOT YOU ON
SIGHT!



SHOOT ME ON SIGHT?
SAY! YOU JUST GAVE
ME AN IDEA!



I'M NOT GONNA KILL YOU,
QUEEN! I'M GONNA LET THE
COPS DO IT! *MAYBE*
EVEN YOUR OWN
FATHER WILL CHOP
YOU DOWN!



TAKE NO CHANCES! THE
MINUTE YOU GET DRAKE
IN YOUR SIGHTS, *FIRE!*



I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A
CHANCE, QUEEN - BUT A
MIGHTY SLIM ONE!
HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE
GONNA DO!





THE END

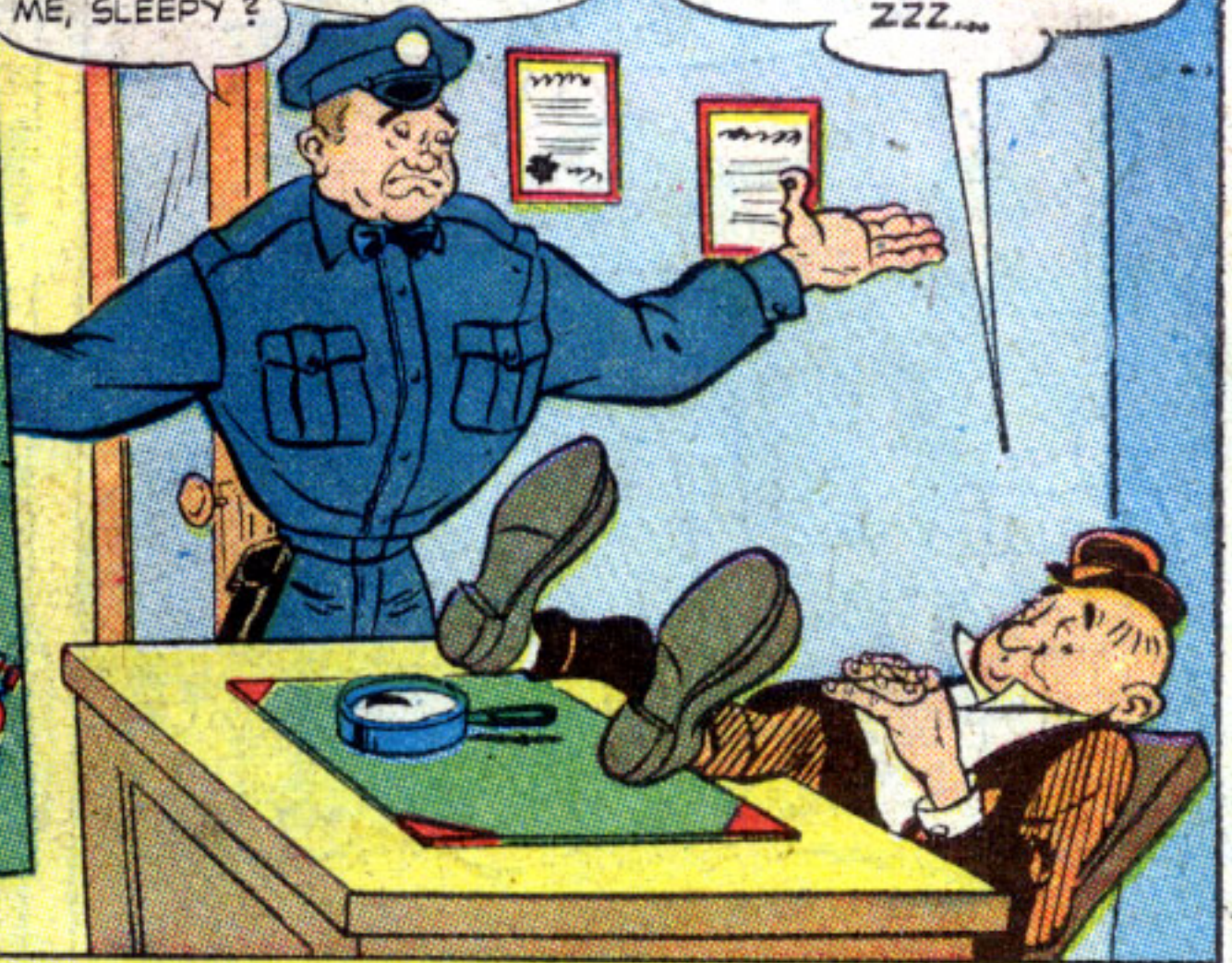
SLEEPY SLADE

PRIVATE (SHUT) EYE
in the

"ARMORED TRUCK GUARD"

MY ARMORED GUARD TOOK SICK! Y'GOT A GUARD FOR ME, SLEEPY?

ZZZZ...I'LL HANDLE ...ZZZ... THE JOB...ZZ... ZZZ...

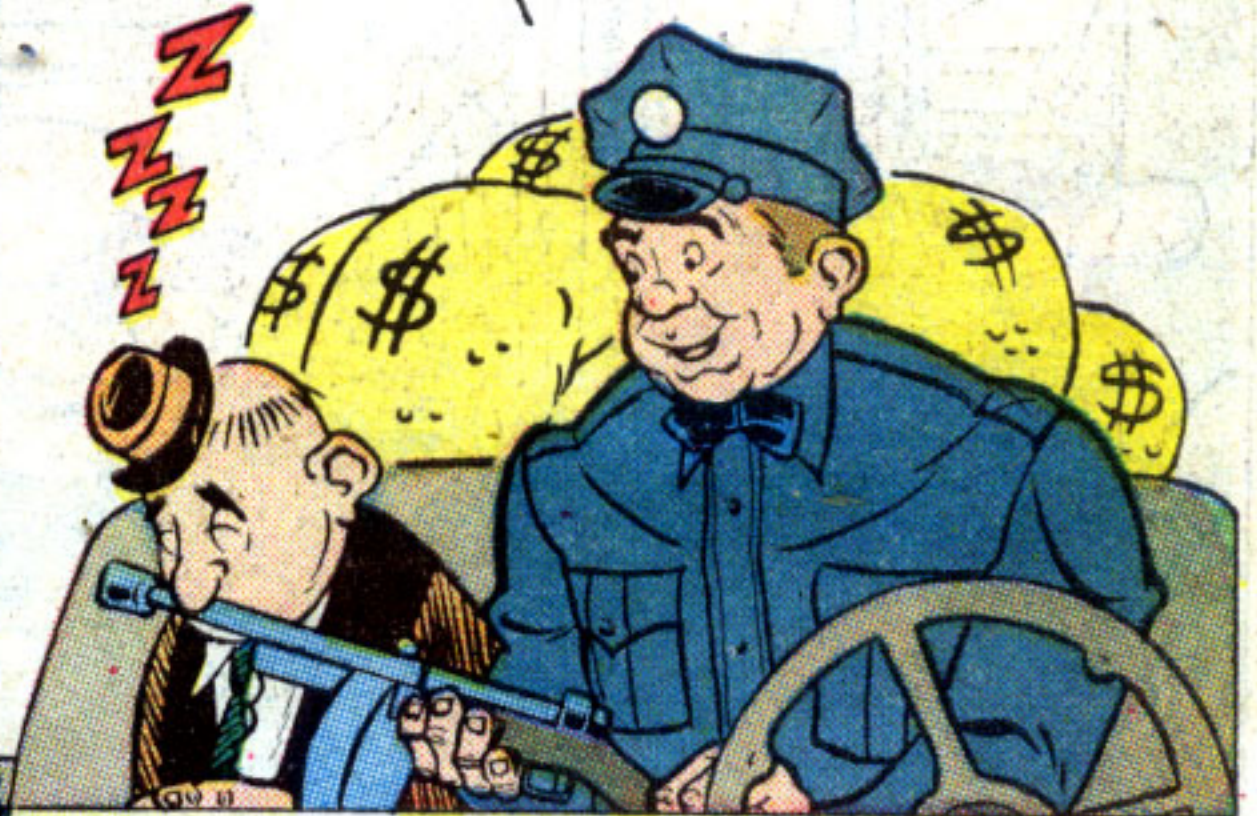


SURE WAS NICE OF YOU TO OFFER TO GUARD MY TRUCK!

ZZZZ
...YEAH...
THANKS
...ZZZ...



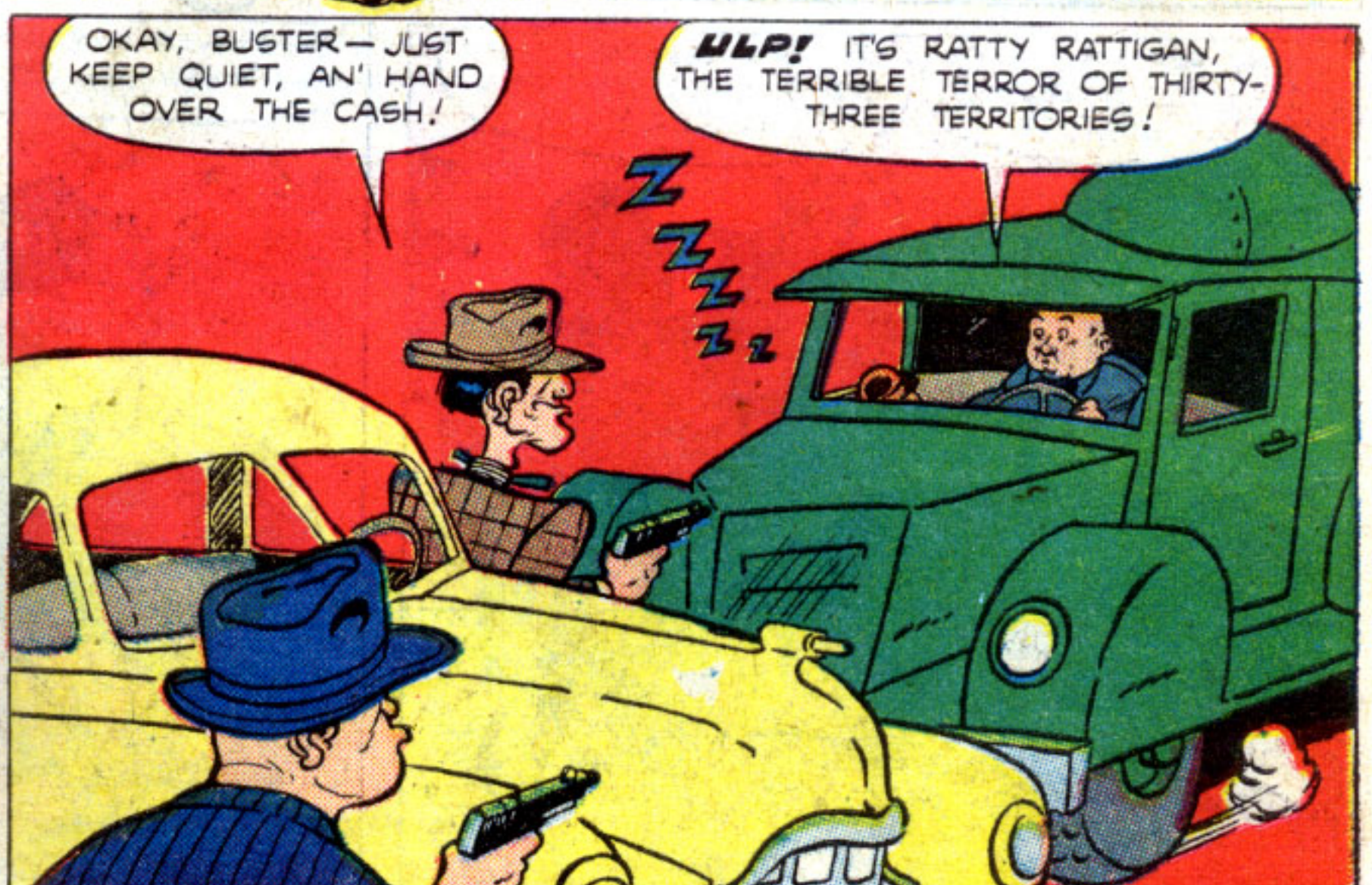
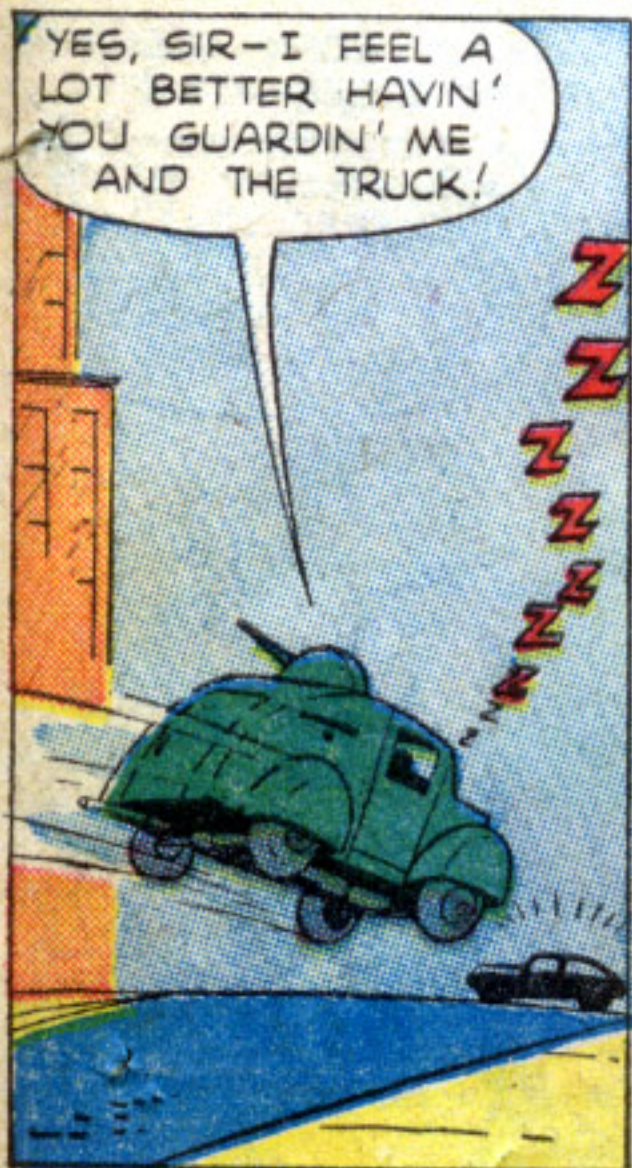
HERE'S A TOMMYGUN, SLEEPY! FIRST SIGN OF A STICK-UP, YOU USE IT!

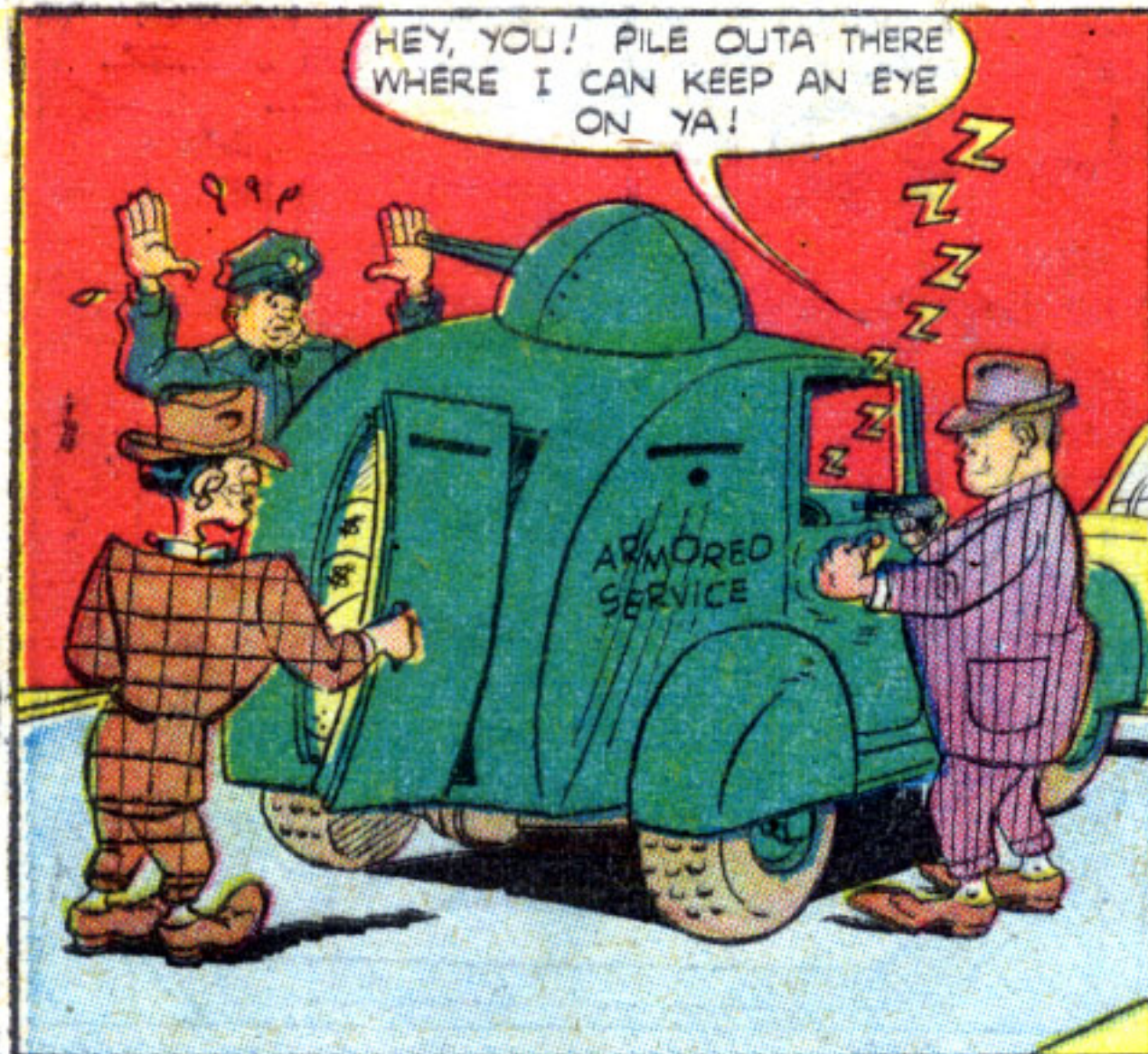


YES, SIR—I FEEL A LOT BETTER HAVIN' YOU GUARDIN' ME AND THE TRUCK!

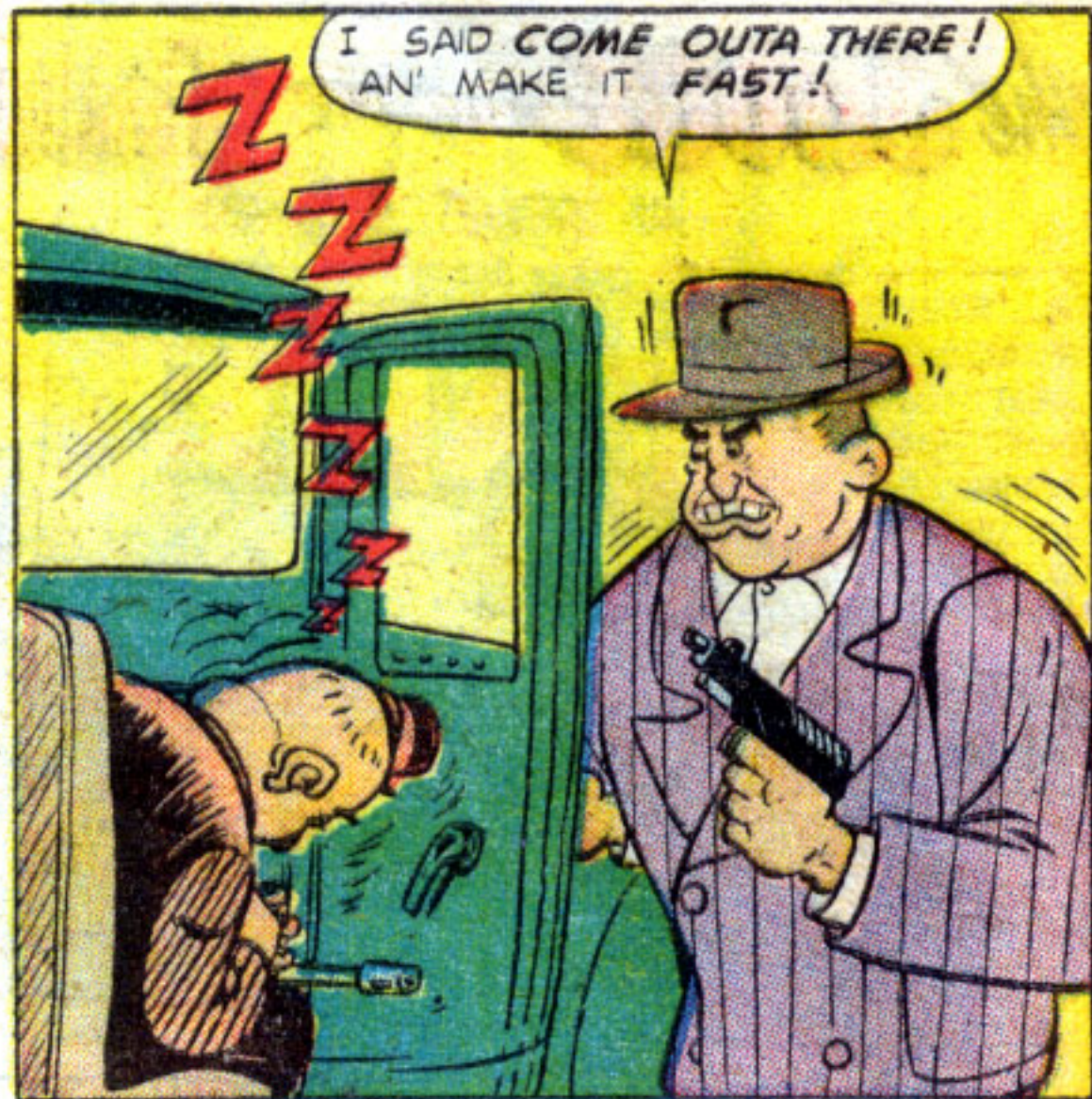
OKAY, BUSTER—JUST KEEP QUIET, AN' HAND OVER THE CASH!

ULP! IT'S RATTY RATTIGAN, THE TERRIBLE TERROR OF THIRTY-THREE TERRITORIES!

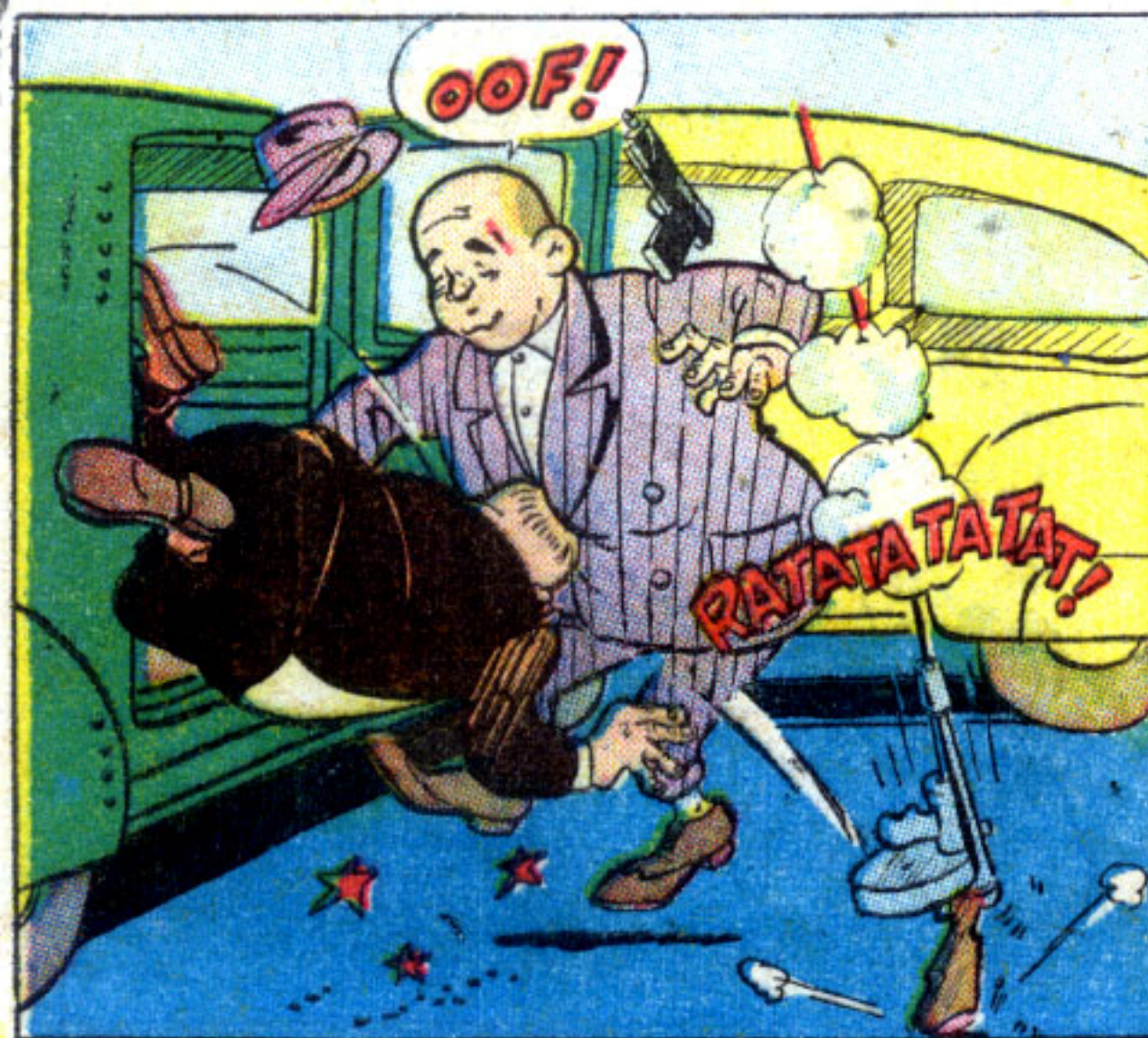




HEY, YOU! PILE OUTA THERE WHERE I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YA!

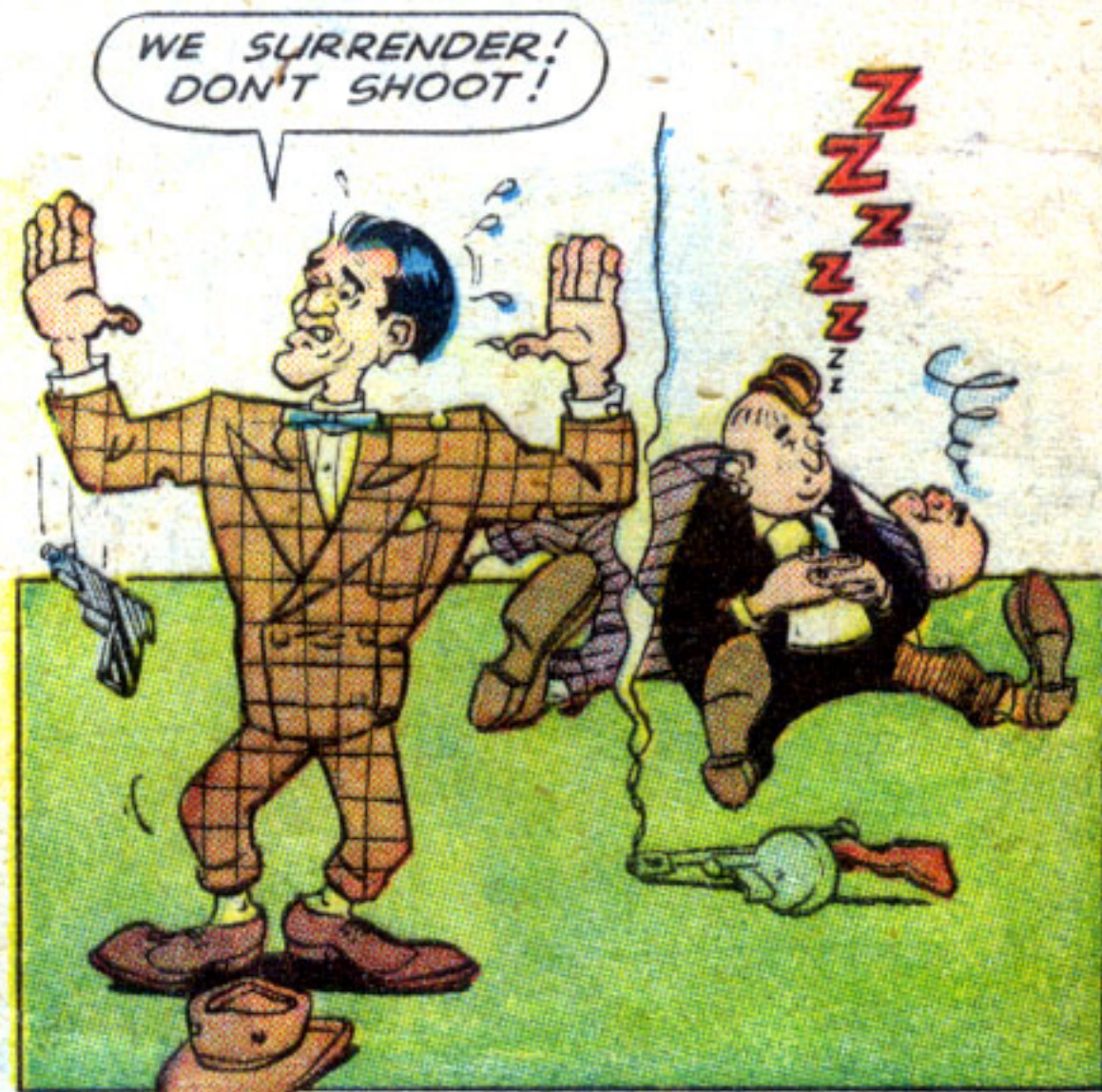


I SAID COME OUTA THERE! AN' MAKE IT FAST!

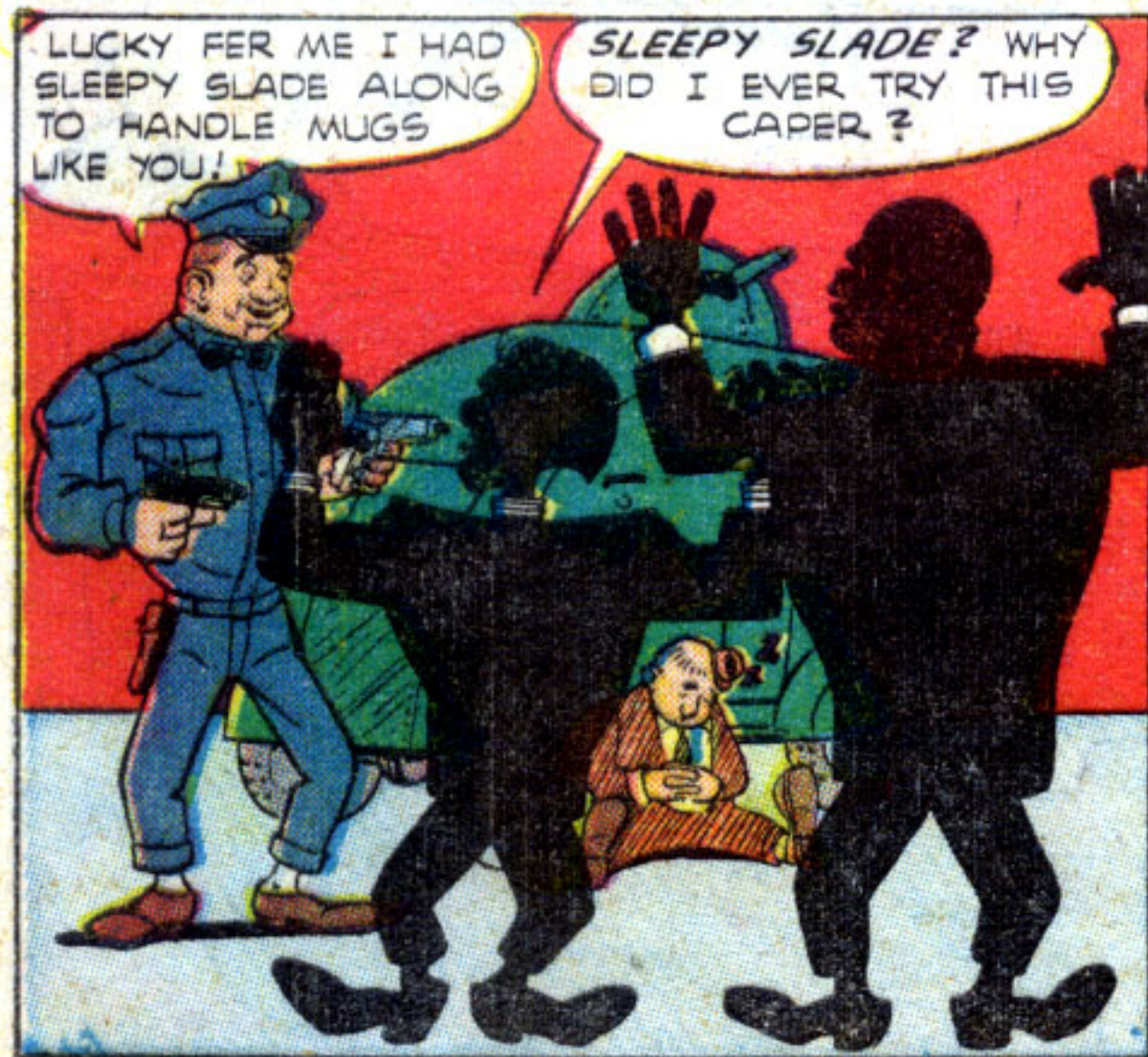


OOF!

RATATATAT!



WE SURRENDER! DON'T SHOOT!



LUCKY FER ME I HAD SLEEPY SLADE ALONG TO HANDLE MUGS LIKE YOU!

SLEEPY SLADE? WHY DID I EVER TRY THIS CAPER?



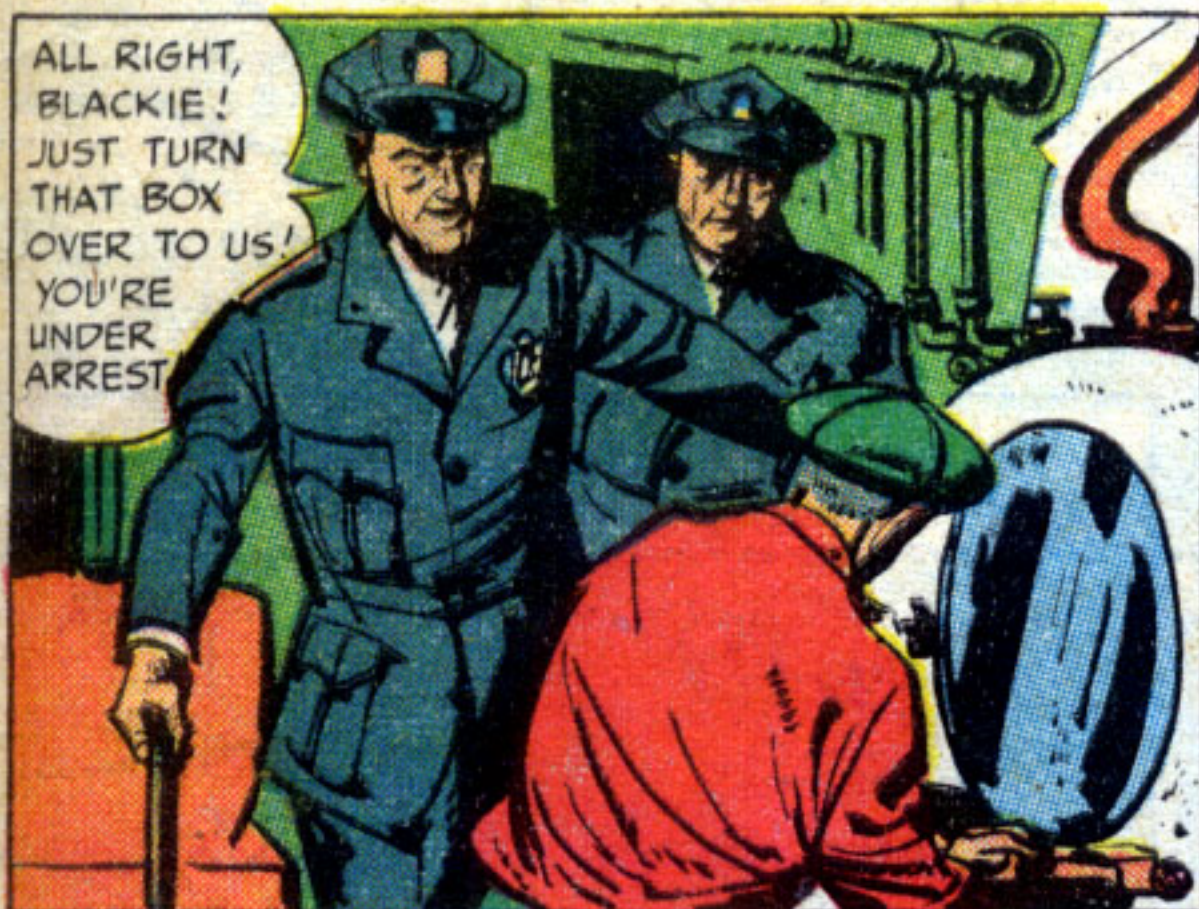
THAT WAS A BRAVE PIECE OF WORK, SLEEPY! WHAT SAY WE GO OUT AN' CELEBRATE?

NO, SIR - I'M PLUMB TUCKERED OUT! I'M GOIN' HOME AN' GET ME A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

The JUDGE and the THIEF,

A TRUE STORY

IN CHICAGO, DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF WORLD WAR II, APARTMENT HOUSE SUPERINTENDENTS WERE PLAGUED WITH A WAVE OF PETTY THIEVERY. MORE THAN \$900 HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM WASHING MACHINE COIN BOXES. THEN, ONE EVENING...



ALL RIGHT, BLACKIE! JUST TURN THAT BOX OVER TO US! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST

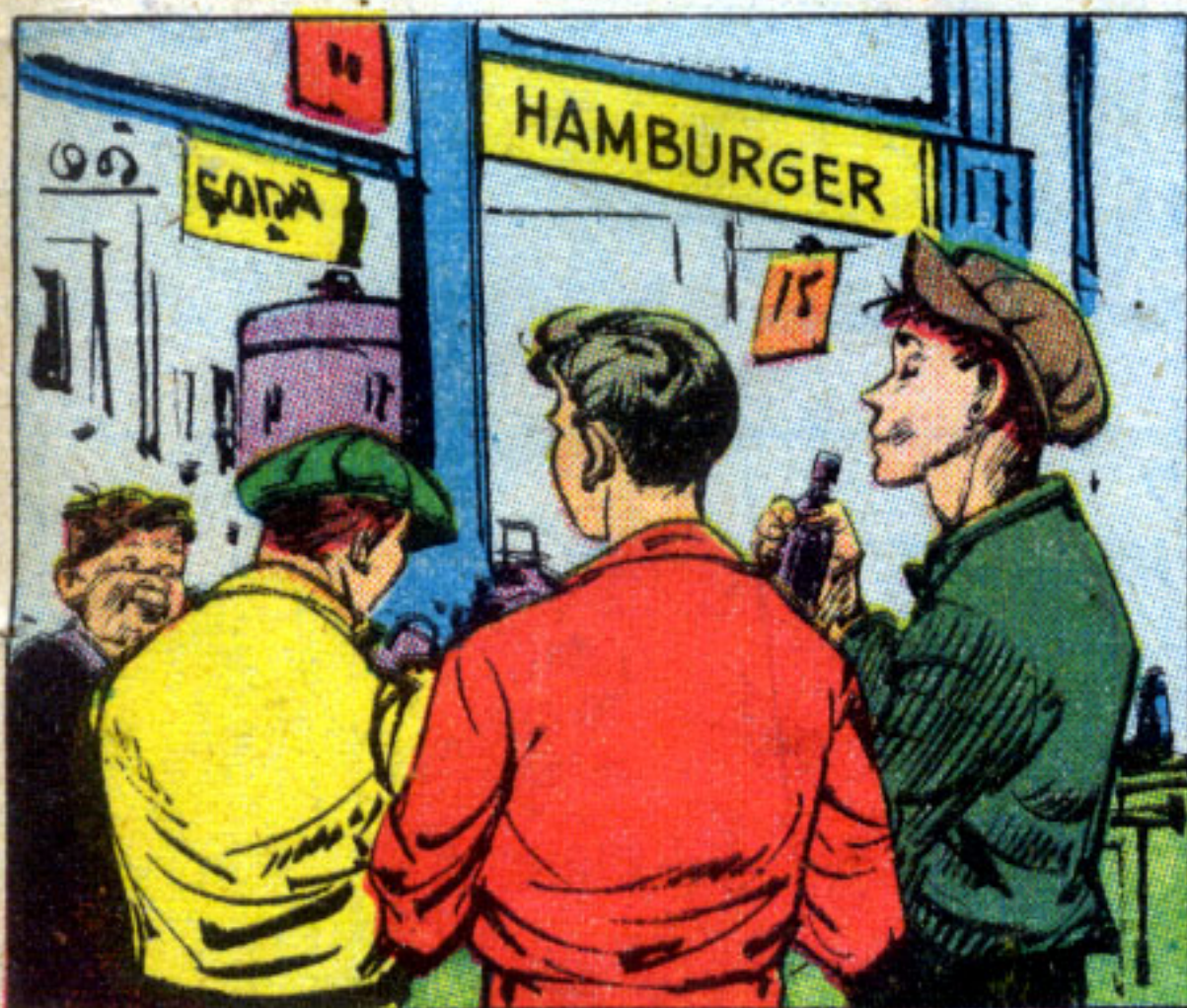
BLACKIE FACED A LONG TERM IN STATEVILLE PENITENTIARY, BUT THE JUDGE WAS WISE AND JUST...



WHY DID YOU STEAL, SON? YOU DON'T SEEM LIKE A BAD SORT TO ME!

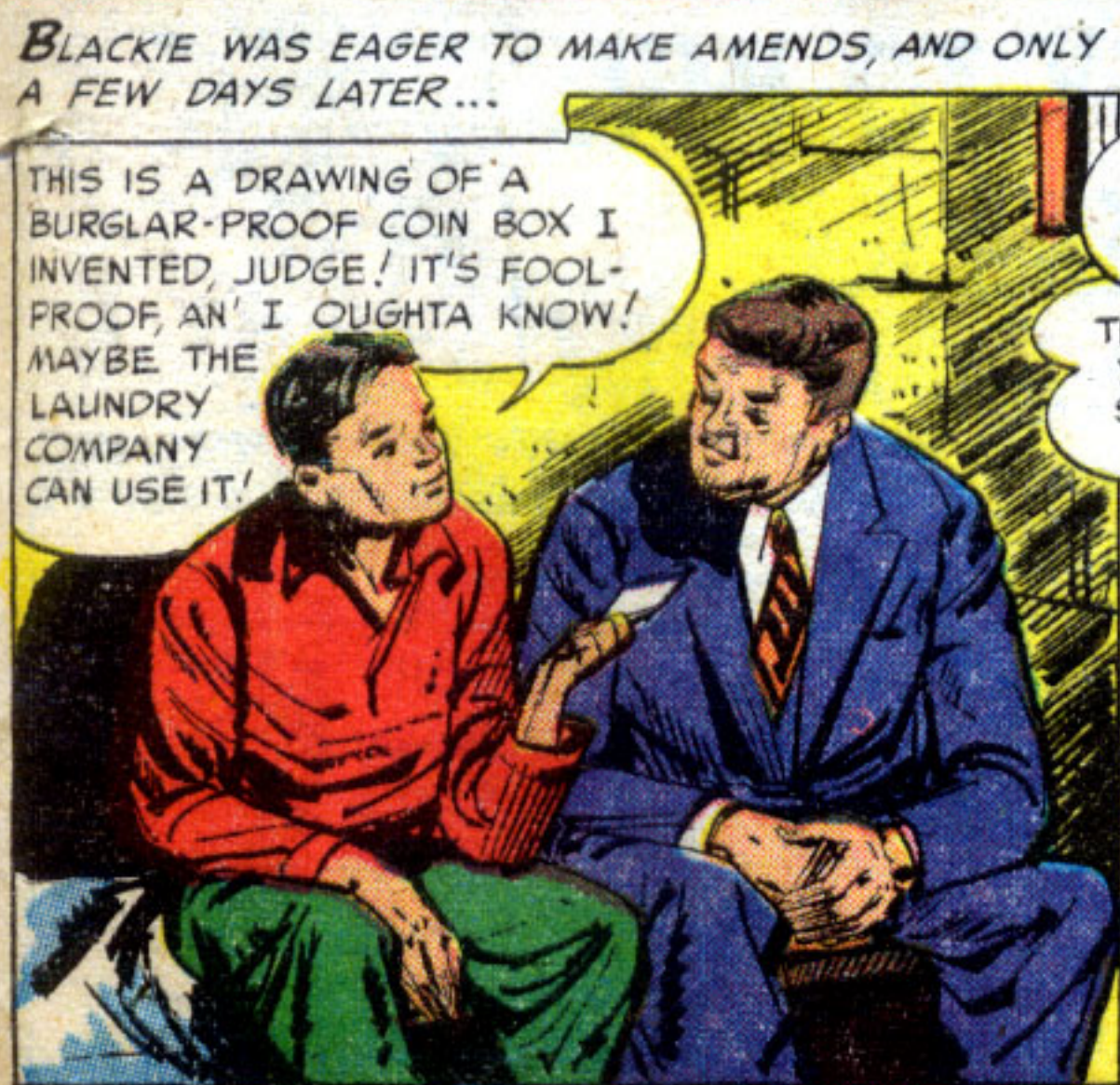
WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN POOR, JUDGE...

...AND THE QUARTERS WOULD BUY HAMBURGERS AND MOVIES FOR THE GANG OF FELLOWS I PAL AROUND WITH."

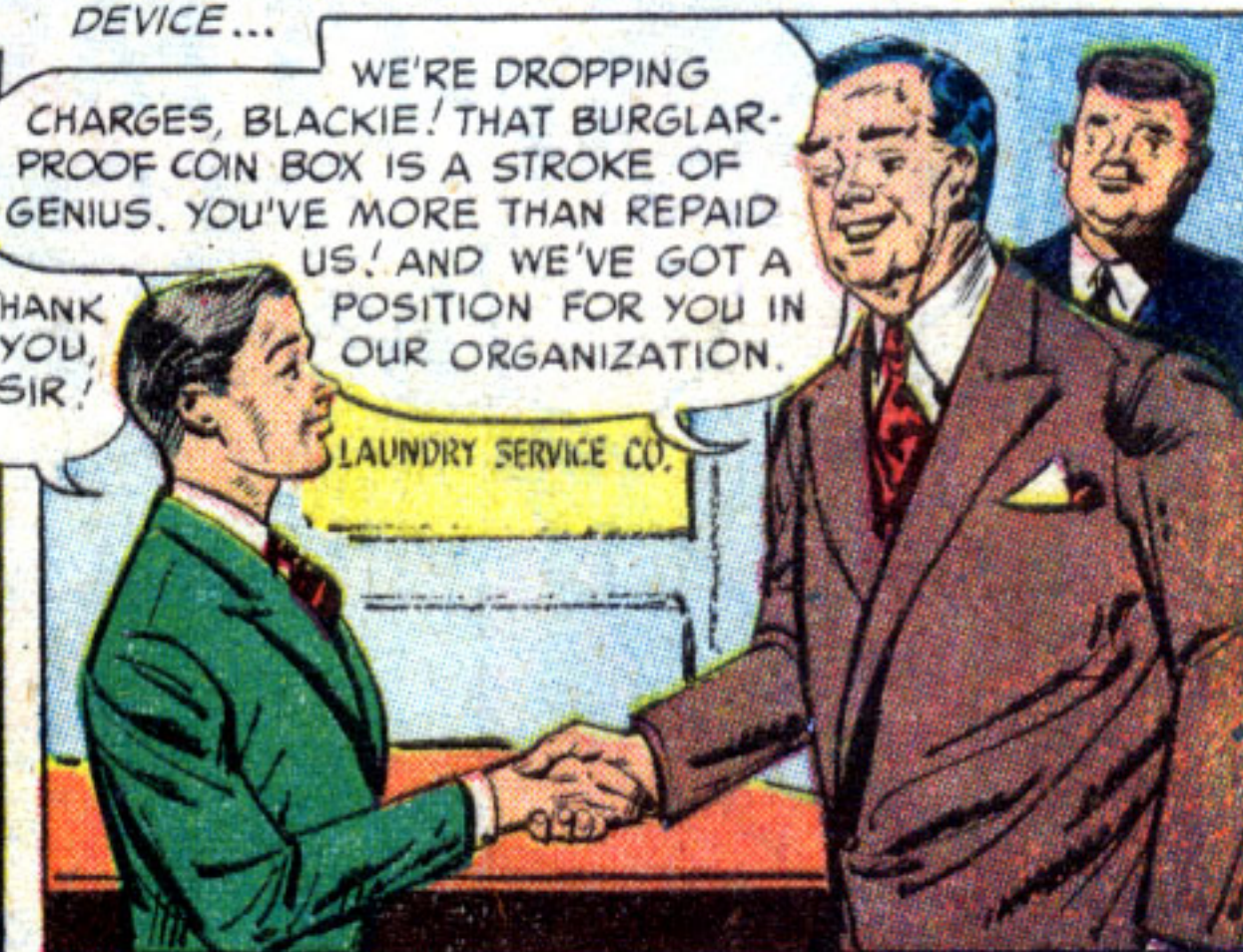


BLACKIE, I WANT YOU TO SPEND SOME TIME THINKING OF A WAY TO PAY BACK THE PEOPLE YOU ROBBED! TRY TO MAKE IT UP TO THEM IN SOME WAY. THINK IT OVER.

BLACKIE WAS EAGER TO MAKE AMENDS, AND ONLY A FEW DAYS LATER...



THIS IS A DRAWING OF A BURGLAR-PROOF COIN BOX I INVENTED, JUDGE! IT'S FOOL-PROOF, AN' I OUGHTA KNOW! MAYBE THE LAUNDRY COMPANY CAN USE IT!



WE'RE DROPPING CHARGES, BLACKIE! THAT BURGLAR-PROOF COIN BOX IS A STROKE OF GENIUS. YOU'VE MORE THAN REPAID US! AND WE'VE GOT A POSITION FOR YOU IN OUR ORGANIZATION.

THANK YOU, SIR!

LAUNDRY SERVICE CO.

AND SO, THROUGH THE AID OF A WISE JUDGE, BLACKIE, IN AMAZING FASHION, SHOWED HIS REAL ABILITY, AND EARNED AN HONORABLE PLACE IN SOCIETY.

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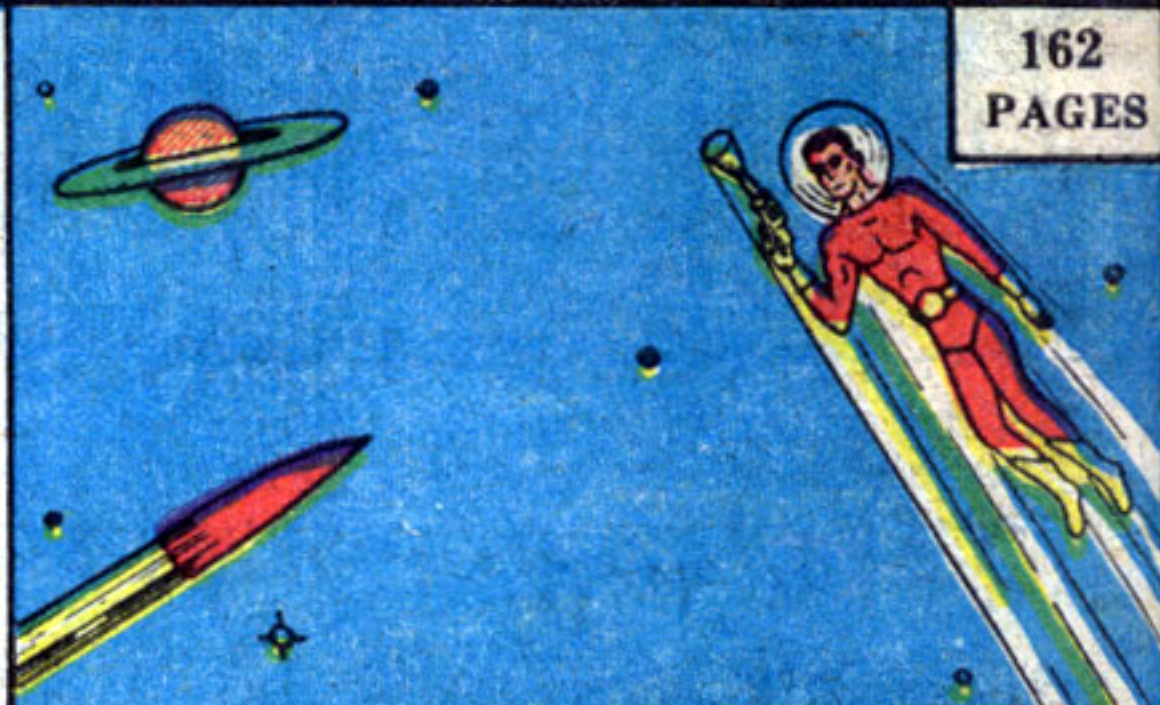
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fantastic

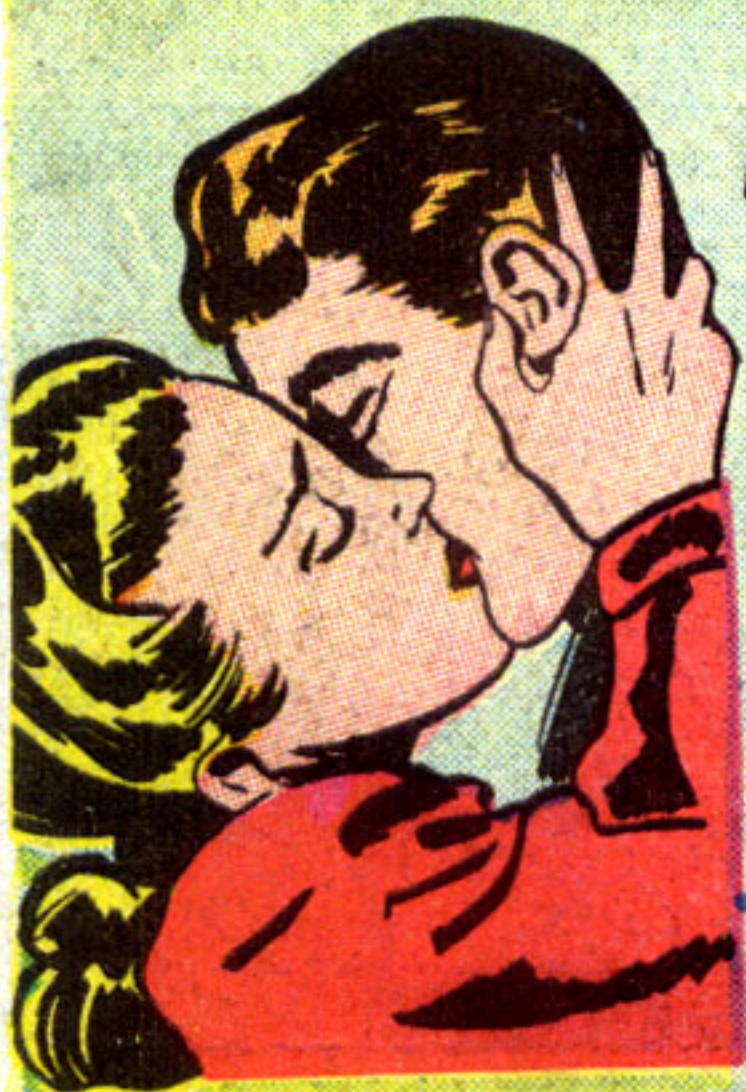
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An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to
LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER



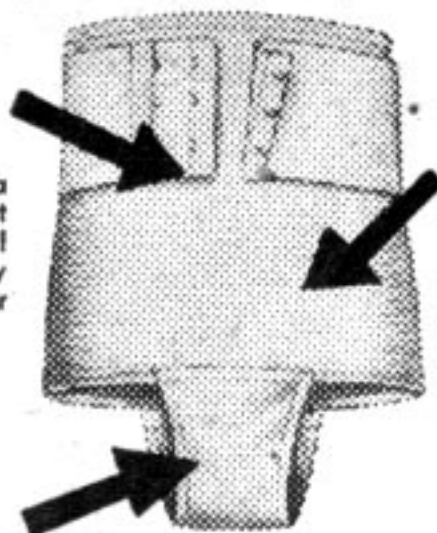
DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

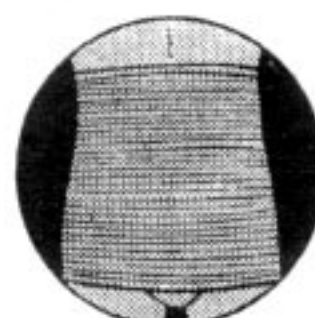
Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH
Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on **FREE TRIAL**. Mail the coupon right now!

Rear View
FITS SNUG AT SMALL OF BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



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487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' **FREE TRIAL** a **CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT**. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my **FREE** pouch. In 10 days, I will either return **CHEVALIER** to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

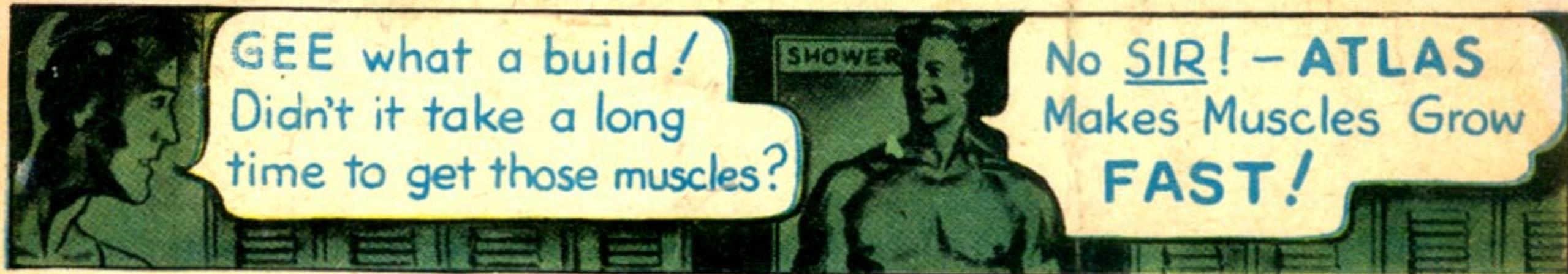
My waist measure is
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name

Address

City and Zone State

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LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

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This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

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I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE and OUTSIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

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